

June 19, 1979

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# ESQUIRE

PORTFOLIO MONTHLY

## Catching Up With Namath

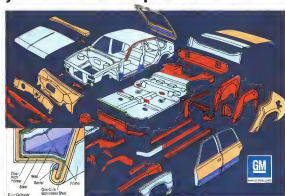
The Superhero out of Season



**Big Trouble for Dartmouth's Macho Tradition**  
**The Dream Car of John De Lorean**  
**Good Times in the High 1930s, by Malcolm Cowley**

# GM's New Front-Wheel-Drive Cars

Designed for durability. With everything you see in color to help make them last.



The new front-wheel-drive Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark have a mission. They're designed to fight rust, tooth and nail so they'll last and look good for a long, long time.

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**The dark blues** represent special sealers and waxes to help keep moisture away from sensitive metal areas.

**The greens** are additional metal areas.

**And yellow** represents plastic materials designed to help protect exposed painted surfaces against stone damage.

**What's more,** these new cars use a larger proportion of galvanized steel than any other GM car. And in areas that are particularly vulnerable to corrosion, we even protect the galvanized. A quick glance at the cutaway diagram of a typical door will show you just how much goes into it to fight rust.

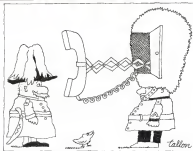
We're proud of the new Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark. We want to help them retain their good looks.

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Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega, Buick Skylark.

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# No Divorce at the Top

Remember, most top execs are still wed to wife number one

Common sense—as well as a rash of recent newspaper attacks—would have you believe that the corporate world has finally come to realize what a lot of other Americans have long taken for granted. And that simple fact is that divorce doesn't necessarily make you a bad person. With about two out of every five marriages likely to wind up in Splendid's trash bags, it hardly seems extraordinary that captains of industry should no longer regard divorce with a secret D. But the corporate corridors and boardrooms appeared offices of the executive who are not ordinary places. This is the land where three-piece suits, power suits, arrow collars, and corduroy wing tips never wear out of style where black ties are still as rare as black pearls, where, aside from the few success stories and token board members, women and steady type and deck coffee.

In those mahogany-lined rooms, change comes slowly. And so, while *The Wall Street Journal* recently ran a piece entitled "Even Before Working—do Men—do Men Divorced Executives," a lot of formerly married businessmen breathed sighs of relief. It certainly seems logical that big corporations should finally come around. After all, corporate life puts more money stress on a marriage than a marriage does.

Yet, incredible as it may seem, there is a lot of evidence that indicates divorce is still considered a sign of weakness in the upper echelons of the business world. "If he can't manage his family, how can he manage a company?" is a cliché that still echoes in many a corporate boardroom, despite the fact that balancing a family and a career has never been more difficult. (The supply of long-suffering women willing to wait half a lifetime for some monetary rewards for running the household, breaking their own careers, and bringing up the kids is rapidly diminishing.)

No executive man is the top without a little personal commitment to the company—what his father happens to be chairman. And those days are having a hard time for a father is no guarantee of success. So when the ambitious executive loses the job that is his dream, he can give his wife only the scraps and leftovers of his time, love, and attention. Observes Martin R. Fienberg, an industrial psychologist and chairman of the board of DRS



Psychological Associates

The path to the executive suite is indeed strewn with marriage and stress. Yet here is the story. The men who become kings of the hill almost always have their elegant wives at their sides. And they still expect you to have yours. Let's take a look at the statistics.

Last year, of 179 chairmen and presidents of 100 of the biggest corporations in the United States, 95 percent were still married to their first wives. Indeed, having celebrated a silver wedding anniversary is practically a prerequisite to spend in the executive dining room. Of those 179 men, 135 had been married a quarter century or longer. Such a high percentage of successful first marriages is astonishing, even among men in their 50th and 60th years.

Todd & Company magazine, in compiling a list of married corporate heads, asked Dr. George E. Vaillant, a prominent Harvard psychiatrist, to comment on why this is so. "Let me say that some of these days are good not because they're terribly arduous but because they're terribly competent," he observed. "That's contrary to the popular belief in the country of how people get to the top. You don't always have to fight your way up. Sometimes you're chosen just because you're good.... [Those men are] good at curing those other people."

Vaillant had come across this phenomenon in a study of the most promising Harvard graduates from the early 1940s. He found that the successful company presidents who were among these dilettantes Crampton alumni also had the most enduring and the happiest marriages.

Obviously, the wives of these men play key roles in their husbands' success. Dr. Ransford Moss Kuttner, a professor of sociology at Yale, had this observation: "At the very top, the wife of the chief has an official role to play in the organization's diplomatic system: official business, links to the community, coordinator and mediator of other social and public relations professionals. The wife may form an invisible team with her husband."

If you guessed *Who's Who in America* included the business leaders whose biographies include the telltale "Mr. & Mrs.," you could get spectacular. Among corporate executives, only a few of the top earners have ever split the blanket. Here are some of the most prominent (and just in what your appetite to bang is there, we're throwing in their 1978 compensation packages):

Henry Ford II, chairman of Ford Motor (\$1,656,000), Doris J. Mahoney, chairman of Norton Simon (\$917,000). Robert A. Gurnea, president of Rockwell International (\$725,000), Roy D. Chapin Jr., chairman of American Motors (\$321,000), August A. Busch III, chairman and president of Anheuser-Busch (\$443,000), Howard I. Clark, chairman of the executive committee of American Express (\$370,000), Donald M. Kendall, chairman of PepsiCo (\$310,000), John L. Huang, chairman and president of Genentech (\$330,000), J. F. Bradburn, president of Atlanta-Ritchfield (\$310,000).

What is especially significant is that of all these men, only one has had two successful marriages. Henry Ford, who is sep-



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It is not simple homophobia that might lead companies to ostracize, notes Kent Henshel of ABSI. "In the old days, there were columns of gaps in some companies who took special care of such others and really seemed things up. That memory lingers."

The perfectly straight, middle-aged single who has never married is often treated with the same brush that the gay is. One forty-six-year-old vice president I know who doesn't want any tongue wagging when he works makes sure his superior and associates have met him in person. He jokingly refers to her as his Mrs. Mysman. But he cannot trouble her not to use money corporate social awareness, for he is also afraid it will come out that he has been living with her for a couple of years—another corporate no-no.

A man and a woman who live together are asked how problems in the corporate world "being married is one thing; having a roommate is another. It's considered feeding oneself and can create a lot of problems in case of relocation. It is certainly not a plus in corporate eyes," says one headhunter.

It is perceived that while corporate types seem to have a Victorian moral code for bright, young, single applicants, no such code exists for the women who are simply making corporate inroads. A recent survey conducted by Hendrick and Hendrick, another international management consulting firm, showed that about 30 percent of the surveyed female corporate officers who had married were now either separated or divorced. One third of all the women in the survey had never married. Given the traditional attitude toward divorced men, this correlation needs explanation.

One cynical theory holds that single women are favored because they can put a lot more time and energy into the job. The average female corporate officer who earns \$40,000 a year or more starts work fifty-three hours a week. Few married women even devote that much time to the job and keep husband and kids happy. There can only be one of what Dr. Faubus calls "the corporate byproduct" in each family.

Of course, by the time of their marriage, the middle managers and young men who have shed a male or two will eventually make it to the top and affect a permanent change in attitudes regarding marital status. For one thing, statistics prohibiting discrimination on the basis of marital status are being written in states and more states. (For this, a tip of the hat to the women's movement.)

But if you are divorced and are in a company where all the top jobs are married to the few married ladies who were once high school teachers, better not plan on being a divorcee for your first office mate just yet. In fact, should one of those headhunters call, it may be time to consider a move. □

## The Language

# The Best Policy

Honestly, what some people will stoop to in abusing the language!

by John Simon

From time to time I have been saying here that correct use of the language has much to do with logic. I should add that it entails also honesty. I use the word *honesty* in its broader sense and promise to give some examples of what I mean.

A few months ago, an anonymous reader sent me several clippings from the *Astorian* College student newspaper that concerned the spelling *seminar* and *seminar*, which a group of radical feminist students had assigned to replace on restroom doors, and on a weekly student publication. (I may have these should spellings slightly wrong but distinctly recall that there was two separate and equally preposterous.) The object, obviously, was to get the hated syllable *men* out of the word *seminar*. Now, this strategy is, first of all, stupid. By the same logic, we might have to change the spelling of *menstruation*, *menopausal*, *menorah*, and *menace* because how many others was this pattern to women (or women)? Moreover, such antiseptic feminism serves no intelligent cause and usually betrays a philistine streak in those who espouse it.

There is, however, simple dishonesty in that, as well—in the attempt to pull off illicit congeal to one of the roles. There is something deeply fraudulent about pretending that centuries of consolidated spelling and established usage are as nothing to the will of a few extremists, that certain urgent social problems are best solved by thoughtless political solutions are best solved by desperate evasions to rhetoric and chaos. And these kinds of frauds, however, ordered by the common culture, are not, *Spoken as powerful for others to feel afraid of, while others are monstrous cowardly of others!* Whatever the case, language is used in a demonstrative and thus dishonest way here.

However, my main concern at present is *honesty of style* rather than of content, and for this purpose a very useful book has just been published by Random House: *The Reader's Guide to Style*, by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge. (Schirmer's Bookstore for Writers of English Press), in chief purpose is to teach people to write precisely, clearly, and honestly. There is a slight dishonesty of omission though, in the way the American publisher



either they omitted it was intended to call this honesty but, not to offend the feminists with their offensive first syllable, will call it *seminar* instead. The metaphorical removal comes from the seed of plants, not stars, to present otherwise a plenty dishonest.

There are many ways of cheating with language short of actually lying. The most obvious method is *misquoting* the source. In his new book, *Deceitful: The Strange Life of an Epistle*, Richard Doherty makes fun in rapid succession of "a critic" in *The New York Times* of books of "an instant novelist-reviewer" in *The New Yorker* of "a writer on pop culture" who has himself a pop sensibility in *New York magazine*, and all "a dancer known as *Julius Neri*" in *The Village Voice*. One wonders why Neri is mentioned by name, whereas the others are allowed the courtesy of the common culture. *Spoken as powerful for others to feel afraid of, while others are monstrous cowardly of others!* Whatever the case, language is used in a demonstrative and thus dishonest way here.

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with the book on this subject, "Second Edition, revised and enlarged by the authors." This is true enough in far as it goes, but it suggests a first-upon-date revision in fact, the original version came out in England in 1943 and was abridged and revised by the authors in 1947. This is the last that Random House has brought out despite two years later without any further updating but with, alas, new types added.

The determination of copy editing and proofreading, incidentally, is a token of the cultural entropy that has overtaken us in the postwar years. Aside from routine reprints, of which there are quite a number, the "new" American edition refers to an such particularly confusing cases as "though" for *though* (page 150), "whereof" for *whereof* or *where* (page 11), "taste" for *taste* (page 115) and "let" for *let* (page 121) in Part I alone. Miss checking just a few instances (page 17) "We are confident that few of our readers would not have occurred a few decades ago on either side of the Atlantic."

It would have been a great blessing to bring out a newly and fully revised edition of the work. As it is, we find it a question from a schoolteacher complaining of the deleterious effect of books on the state of the language, just that what Graves and Hodge could have done with the revision of *Language*, assuming they had the

The critic John Simon writes a monthly column in *English Review*.

Illustration by Robert S. Taylor





charges, I've got no proof, but a thing like that, all that wrath, those terrible awful sword engravings, that's the M.O. of God Himself!" God, in an aside to Jerry, now reconsideres the charge. "He came to the Quia. He tried, and he made a disturbance during a rental and named my conscience! I avowed!"

Then God has everything to answer for and so friends Joseph takes him, the Virgin too. He'll do anything on a whim, or on a whim as such. What she did to Mary. He had done before to Leda, too. Except, the rest "He was a successful lover and came to you as holy livestock or moved in like a friend of philly weather." Sometimes, like a spirit conversing with a consciousness having a hole in his pocket. He makes a

picture, gives "a girl, a levee at the Lord's." He continues "with mermaids as usual in such tracks," notes "highlights from the eighteen-minute gap," and tells them to stop for used cars. And for his final track, for art, to make a splash. He cleans house more and for all, wipes out everything. And it seems as though Ellen, like Elitchev, whom God "ruined and abused" eventually, "wouldn't have had a say other way."

For The Living. And is not a constant party. It is a brilliant counteroffensive, an act of passionate and calculated revenge. Its subject is finally the avenger of pain and of sadness and mortality, the entire great audience of suffering, of feeling itself. Elitchev is left with "great pain, the

good vocabulary they had given him to appreciate it."

And Ludlakes, who had "broken the habit of his body long ago" in hell, "somed" his pen. And Ellen, with the enormous endurance of his language, with his deep consciousness and another cosmic sense that, after all, the conventional wisdom may be all the wisdom there is, carrying his own suffering like a challenge, meaning to feel for—as they say—Elitchev and Ludlakes and Quia and all the rest, Ellen breaths that Love in his dew, and squares off with him on the art of creation. He can serve as my ambassador of complaints as long as he will.

This book is a man-made miracle. So says an audience, belated.

## Commoner's Assessment of Nuclear Energy

Good writing can make very complicated God things seem very simple. Often this involves a distortion. Sometimes it reveals a liberating truth. Barry Commoner's superb new book on energy policy, *The Politics of Energy* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$10 hardcover, \$4.95 paperback), offers a vision of a safe energy future. The details are more frightening and unprovable than Commoner admits, but the essential choice is just as he puts it. There are two basic sources of renewable energy: nuclear reactions on earth and the nuclear reactor in the sky—the sun. We must decide.

To be sure, there is plenty of fossil fuel around. But no industrial society will plan now to rely entirely on coal, oil, and natural gas to provide energy for the next fifty years. The risks are unacceptable. If Polaris submarines or beach conversations show a real threat to the grain and fields, if scientists are right that accelerated burning of fossil fuels will be enough to melt the world's carbon dioxide and make the world a greenhouse, if liquefied natural gas tankers run out to be as full-scale as Boko and Wilson reactors—we are all cooked.

Commoners, for all their rhapsodies in *My Machine*, are not so overwhelmed as they seem. They like to make plans for the future—new plants, economic plans, energy plans. But one of nature's least happy considerations of all (that's the one that thirty years' coverage on the fissionable atom Commoner makes an important contribution to the tone of the nuclear power debate by treating this choice as understandable, though wrong). The breeder reactor—the nuclear industry's planned next generation of equipment—could supply the world with ample energy for an indefinite future. A fact we couldn't refuse.

But, of course, there's a catch. The first discussed breeder design uses plutonium fuel, which, unlike the fuel used in current reactors, could readily be converted to nuclear weapons. Each reactor, each



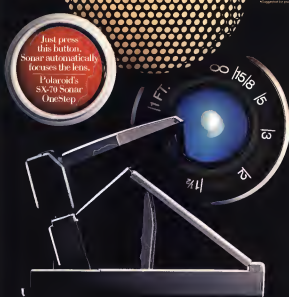
year, would need enough pure plutonium for tens of thousands of atomic bombs. The Carter Administration has hurried hard to stop nuclear proliferation, but its position on the breeder is ambivalent. The administration continues with billion-dollar plans for developing new kinds of breeder that might offer greater economic appeal, narrower and some advance warning of the countries operating the breeder design to turn fuel into weapons. The logic of one-way with breeder development is thus, however. Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger thinks that nuclear energy is just in the sky and that nuclear energy is an indispensable option.

Schlesinger has computer models to make his case. Commoner's book makes three arguments. The breeder model was rugged, solar energy is cheaper, and a broader economy is unnecessary and too dangerous to risk. To the reviewer, the first issue is irrelevant—modeling future energy prices is, at best, like playing a bet on the 1981 World Series. Nuclear cost estimates have consistently proved to be nonsense, but solar mechanics can make mistakes too. Commoner is not at his most convincing when he tells us that the cost of photovoltaic cells (which directly produce

electricity from sunlight) would decrease by a factor of twenty within five years after a large government purchase order. It is possible—costs have fallen remarkably, as he says, for the related technologies of transistors and integrated circuits—but hardly a sure thing.

The real force of Commoner's argument is his detailed vision of the feasibility of solar energy. His book provides a documented and irrefutable argument that solar technologies could supply vast amounts of energy and that fossil fuels could be used for a long period of transition. Commoner's strategy is precise (probably to mislead) and fascinating. Alcohol distilled from sugar beets and corn would be blended with gasoline. The day left over from distillation would be fed to cattle and would help sustain the livestock economy as manure spread on land was devoted to fuel production. Methane derived from sewage and livestock manure would be mixed in with natural gas supplies. Electricity and useful heat would simultaneously be derived from "concentrated" energy systems, making use of the energy from hot to waste steam in large-scale electric generators. Solar water heaters (already economical) compared with the cost of new electric appliances and photovoltaic cells would further reduce the demand for conventional energy. And, of course, there is enormous potential for energy-efficient home design and industrial conservation measures.

A solar future may not work out so easily as Commoner envisions that it will. But it will never have a chance if our technology and capital are devoted to the breeder. Each advanced reactor is not a political wall and a progressively less reasonable constraint on resources. Choosing the path of the nuclear breeder means only if one believes that the economy as the 1981 World Series. Nuclear cost estimates have consistently proved to be nonsense, but solar mechanics can make mistakes too. Commoner is not at his most convincing when he tells us that the cost of photovoltaic cells (which directly produce



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There are two Sonar OneStep Land cameras: the SX-70, described here; and the Pronto, at under \$1000.

Leonard Ross is a member of the faculty at the University of California at Berkeley.

# For Exxon's Eyes Only

Internal study indicates nuclear power may be an economic bust

Despite the nation's worst nuclear accident, at Three Mile Island, the nuclear industry is hardly ready for the public eye. There are six or six nuclear plants in operation in the United States, another three are in the construction phase, and the government is not about to close them all down or to ban new ones. In spite of the horror story and the ensuing hysteria, a nuclear renaissance was approved in Australia, Texas, another got the green light in California, and a recent *Fortune* magazine poll found that a sizable majority of the public, 61 percent, favored continued expansion of nuclear power if safety regulations are tightened. The obvious reason: It's supposedly a cheap way of saving our energy woes.

Well, as it turns out, all that talk of nuclear energy's being cheap—compared, say, with the cost of producing coal—may be wildly a myth.

This misconception, by no means revolutionary, is now documented—not by the consumer forces but by one other than Exxon Corporation, the world's largest petroleum corporation. In effect, Exxon, as an industry supplanted by a team of independent researchers, came across quantities about the economics of nuclear energy and the industry's expenditure of over \$130 billion for nuclear plant construction. It's said that Exxon's nuclear division—the company operates the nation's largest uranium mine, in Douglas, Wyoming—is so upset by the economic conclusions of the study that it tried to have it killed. It has been kept under wraps because it also contained Exxon's internal energy projections. The study was completed some two and a half years ago, but the cost figures—nuclear power compared primarily with coal—are reported as still valid today (after factoring in inflation).

My information comes from the *Logansport* Dr. Richard Helms, an oil town resident so anxious to the chairman of the Federal Power Commission, a leading expert on nuclear energy, and currently professor of economics at the University of Rhode Island. I had heard that Helms had been given a private briefing by Exxon's researchers on the findings of the nuclear



Nuclear bet: \$250 billion up in smoke?

study. I may have up and he confirmed it. Elaborating on that briefing, Helms told me the researchers who undertook the study—which was mandated by Exxon's top management—were's very ambivalent about the future of nuclear power, based on their findings. They concluded, the good professor said, that there was no competitive advantage to nuclear power, that the use of coal was at least as cheap as cheaper, and that a meaningful nuclear investment by Exxon was questionable until the problems (both in safety and in economics) could be resolved. That's what Helms was told in late 1971, when he met with the research group, and he got pretty much the same gloomy reading in subsequent conversations just recently.

Here are Exxon's cost assumptions for a 1,000-megawatt nuclear plant in New England that would have been started at the time of the study for operation in 1985. On the investment side, the construction of such a nuclear plant would run \$1.2 billion. A similar-size steam coal plant with flue gas desulfurization equipment runs \$175 million, or \$175 million less, a steam coal plant nuclear each equivalent runs less than \$184 million.

Considering the much greater expenditures required for the construction of a nuclear plant versus coal, one might well have expected substantial savings in total energy production costs of a nuclear plant.

But the Exxon study clearly shows that such savings are simply not there. For example, the cost of running a nuclear plant is 3.67 cents per kilowatt-hour. A steam coal plant with the sulfur-removing equipment is a bit higher at 3.11 cents per kilowatt-hour, but only by 564 cents. That's hardly worth the added \$325 million construction outlay, says Helms. However, the coal plant without the sulfur-removing devices, according to the Exxon study, would have a considerably lower operating cost of 4.06 cents per kilowatt-hour. And that's more than a whole cent, or 20 percent, cheaper than the nuclear plant.

Helms, whose own study indicates that nuclear energy is more expensive than Exxon suggests, says that a nuclear plant, to make sense economically, should be operating at 70-75 percent of capacity. But on a per-ton, year-out average, he tells me, nuclear plants have been running at about 55-percent capacity. Last year, the operating capacity was about 60 percent, and this year, says Helms, the rate should be some halfway of shutdowns.

Still, by the way, it is not unusual of the leaders of coal, the nuclear, the big defense and politicians. But he argues there are inherently greater risks in nuclear power from potential meltdowns and low-level radiation. Helms adds to this the involved nuclear waste problem, including "the lack of economic feasibility," and asks, "Why are we going nuclear when there's no choice for it?"

## Late Ticker . . .

If you're going to fly this summer, make your reservations early. As fuel costs rocket, airlines are cutting back on flights in the face of fuel shortages and rising jet prices for fuel, further, many more drivers are likely to fly instead of drive because of fear of inadequate gas supplies. Speaking of gas shortages, The Washington Post, the D.C. based news outlet, has a story by David E. S. Lohr, a Washington Post reporter, about the situation. Citing the opinion of a Washington Post reporter, Lohr says that the industry's inability to build up its stockpiles will prevent them from having a steady supply of refined products, about what it was during the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo—could

# Who took The Crown Jewel of England? Solve the mystery—you could win \$25,000!

The sleuth who finds the truth may win a \$25,000 first prize, \$5,000 second prize, or one of five \$1,000 runner-up prizes.

The scene is in the drawing room of a 17th century manor house in the heart of the Kent countryside.



The Drawing Room



The Butler

about to be taken. The Countess is when going to the Square.

The man in the heavy boots is holding his favorite drink—a Beefeater Gin and Tonic.

The person seated opposite the Beefeater is enjoying a Beefeater Gin.

The Butler comes with a Beefeater Gin for the person seated to the right of Lady Thurbill.

The Englishman mumbles to himself to buy a bottle of Beefeater Gin.

The Crown Jewel of England is on the way home.

Suddenly the lights go out.



The Countess

The Gibeon Girl swoons into the waiting arms of the Marquis. Lady Thurbill looks. No one could have any footstep.

It should be easy to deduce who turned out the lights, dear reader.

But now, more importantly, clip out the coupon and tell us for a chance at \$25,000 who solves The Crown Jewel of England!

That is a far milder problem, and no one, not even you, is above suspicion. Good luck and good hunting!

The Gibeon Girl

The Marquis

## Who took The Crown Jewel of England?

OFFICIAL RULES: No purchase necessary. 1. Clip out this coupon. On the coupon, name your guess as to who took the Crown Jewel of England. Mail in a sealed envelope no larger than 4 1/2" x 6 1/2" to: BEEFATER, The Crown Jewel of England, P.O. Box 100, New York, NY 10001. 2. The drawing will be held on 10/1/85. 3. The prize is \$25,000. 4. The prize is \$5,000. 5. The prize is \$1,000. 6. The prize is \$1,000. 7. The prize is \$1,000. 8. The prize is \$1,000. 9. The prize is \$1,000. 10. The prize is \$1,000. 11. The prize is \$1,000. 12. The prize is \$1,000. 13. The prize is \$1,000. 14. The prize is \$1,000. 15. The prize is \$1,000. 16. The prize is \$1,000. 17. The prize is \$1,000. 18. The prize is \$1,000. 19. The prize is \$1,000. 20. The prize is \$1,000. 21. The prize is \$1,000. 22. The prize is \$1,000. 23. The prize is \$1,000. 24. The prize is \$1,000. 25. The prize is \$1,000. 26. The prize is \$1,000. 27. The prize is \$1,000. 28. The prize is \$1,000. 29. 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led to odd-even-day and minimum-maximum purchases at various stores this summer, sets another right on the border line. □ The development of our economies and reserves may be the answer to America's energy woes, as some experts claim, but you'll never get Venezuela to believe it. After pouring roughly \$50 million into U.S. coal operations the past two years, Venezuela is reportedly throwing in the towel on any additional investments. The chief reason: new government regulations and environmental problems. Meanwhile, Venezuela—plus some Mexican oil nations—is said to be quietly fattening its energy holdings through investments in Mexico's rich oil reserves. □ Jerry Goodstein, alias Adnan Smith, the author of *The Money Game* and *Super Money*, is considering setting up his own money management firm in New York. During the early 1980s, Goodstein, currently an executive editor at *Equity* Magazine, ran a small growth-stock fund. □ No more money is breaking out in the U.S. Iranian and Lebanese terrorism are taking to Israeli-born Mair Tzipor, who operates five of those post-Tel Avivian men's and women's apparel stores here, about hauling additional costs in San Francisco, Houston, Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia. □ Check up a loss for New York City: Michael Sackheim, one of the country's best budget fund managers—currently on sabbatical from *Stashbush, Baskerville & Company*—tossed down an offer to run the city's \$11.6 billion pension funds. □ Thanks to the explosion in the personal computer market (spurred largely by small investments), the earnings of Commodore International Ltd. are going through the roof. Irving Ginko, Commodore's chairman, talks no operating savings for the fiscal year ending June 30 should show a sharp rise to about \$4 a share or sales of \$40-\$60 million. Fiscal 1979's operating net \$2.42 on \$50.2 million in sales. Ginko figures fiscal 1980 profit at about \$6 a share on a volume of \$45-\$50 million. He thinks swelling competition in personal computers (40-45 percent of Commodore's sales) should be offset through its aggressive expansion in small business systems (main-computers). Maybe so, but that market, too, is hotly competitive. □ The recent spat in the claws of *Boats Company* (40 percent owned by Gulf & Western Industries) reflects the fact that the company may sell its 600,000 acres of New Hampshire timberland to Rose Cascade for more than \$120 million. □ The shock of those hot real estate investment trusts (REITs)—up over 23 percent this year versus a 7.7-percent gain in the Dow Jones Industrials—could be vulnerable because of ever higher interest rates. That's what REITs' investor New Growth's top expert on the industry, a talking classic Campbell, head of *Audie Investments Research* and essentially a troll on REITs the last four years, is saying: peggy talk—"Many of these stocks are fully priced."

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Most of our subscribers do not object to receiving promotional material in their mailbox. They find the material informative and useful. However, some people do object to having their name released to other companies. If you wish to have your name deleted from lists we make available to other firms, simply write to Esquire Fortnightly, PO Box 2961, Boulder, Colorado 80322. Please be sure to spell your name exactly as it appears on your magazine label and allow approximately 6 weeks for your request to take effect.



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any other low'tar' cigarette.

Full menthol refreshment. That's what ARCTIC LIGHTS delivers.

A very special kind of menthol refreshment you just won't find in any other low'tar' menthol cigarette.

You see, while the filter holds back 'tar,'

the unique new ARCTIC LIGHTS menthol blend comes right through. Result? You get the iciest, brightest taste in menthol smoking—puff after puff. Light up your first ARCTIC LIGHTS. You just won't believe it's a low'tar' menthol.

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# Oriana Fallaci

Moment to moment with the outspoken journalist

I sit, to put this question to me about a typical day is inconceivable. I am the most atypical person you will ever meet. My life changes from work to work, from day to day. Everything depends on what I'm working on.

For the last two and a half years, while writing a book, I had a typical day that was, even for me, very strange. You see, I am a very undisciplined person. I am known for it. Usually, I cannot sit still for five minutes, must constantly have a new diversion, a new project, a new interest.

But these last few years, working in my country house outside Florence, I lived with the discipline of an Indian guru. My friends were astonished. I awakened every morning around eight, had a cup of strong coffee, and immediately sat down at my desk. And I would go with the single cup of coffee till seven or seven-thirty in the evening, glass-smoking, working endlessly, getting up only to make paper. I wouldn't even answer the phone. I didn't even leave it. I went on and on, isolated in myself. No food, no talk, no newspapers.

When I would finally get, in the evening, it would be with very little appetite, because the smoking, sometimes more than any cigarettes a day, killed my desire for food. Afterward, I might watch some TV—of these was a western on, I would watch that with joy and gratitude—and, of course, the news. When I would at last go to bed, I'd suffer with insomnia, unable to stop thinking about the book. Even at sleep, I would go on dreaming about the book.

Sometimes, I confess, this routine was frustrating. I'd see on the news that Mao Zedong was dead and say to myself, "Ahh, I want to be in Peking!" Or I'd see that the American elections were taking place ("Ahh, I want to be in America!") or that Vietnam had invaded Cambodia ("Ahh, I want to be in Cambodia!") It was the life of Tamara. But I couldn't do any of it—the book had to come first.

What can I tell you about the book? How can I describe the most important work I've ever done in my life, a project that has left me emotionally depleted and a physical wreck? (Because, the truth is, it

*Arctic Lights is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine.*



"I would like to go to Cambodia. I want to interview Sihanouk and, of course, I want to see Khmers and so many others."

aged me enormously. I don't know whether or I'll ever have my health back.) Well, on the most obvious level, it is a novel, with all the elements of the classical novel: it is 600 pages long, with very few breaks for paragraphs, the tale—it is a marvelous tale, just a few words—must remain a secret or else someone will steal it, and it is important, both from an ideological and from a literary point of view.

I think of the book as, as the French put it, a *roman idéologique*. I doubt, incidentally, that Americans will see the ideology. They will perhaps be more interested in the plot—the drama, the tragedy, the adventure, the love—but if so, they will lose the main thing. The book is a rejection of all the nonsense that came through the blind obedience of the political ideology, of the religion of political absolutes. It is a statement against the politics of politicians, a call for the rediscovery of the individual.

But for me, even that doesn't describe it, because, you see, it is the tragedy of Alessandro Manzoni, who was the companion of my life—who was associated three years ago.

I used to believe that love doesn't exist, that it's a myth used to placate unhappy people. Well, I'll tell you something—I discovered how much it exists when Alessio was killed. He used to tell me, "I'll die soon, and then you will be stuck because you will love me forever." He was right, dammit. I can't get free of him. When he was alive, I gave all I had to him, but he was not an obsession. Now that he is gone, he is a ghost inside my house. Evidently love does exist—and I am stuck.

Alessandro died May 1, 1976, in Athens. We knew he was going to die. The day before, he happened, I spoke to him from New York by telephone, he told me that the threats against him were continuing and that he was being followed. Immediately after that conversation, I rushed to the airport to join him. By the time I got to Athens, he was dead.

It was a typical political assassination. You see, Alessio, having been the hero of the resistance during the dictatorship in Greece, had become a congressman in the Greek Parliament, and he had conducted his own personal War against the forces of that dictatorship; he had discovered documents that were very dangerous to

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these in power—in members of the Carmichael government, for instance—and be pleased to present them before Parliament three days later.

But they killed him first, crushed him between two cars. He was trying to escape, and they crushed him. When they took him off the car, he was completely broken. His heart broke in two parts, as if it had been cut with a knife, his liver was in countless pieces. Only his face was intact. You know, I am not a person who cries easily, but when I read that part in the gallery, I began to cry so much that I couldn't see the page anymore.

I myself am also in the book, often as a lead of Sanchez Pizote to his Don Quixote. As you may know, Sanchez Pizote's role is not only to love and to follow his Don Quixote but also to act as the voice of reason, well, to read like I played the same role with Aileen, constantly urging caution.

Yet when he died, I became Don Quixote myself—and the Don Quixotism is captured by the fact that I have written the book. It was not, after all, a very emotional thing to do. While writing it, in Italy, I was obliged to sleep with a loaded rifle beside my bed. But there was no question of doing otherwise. A hunter had been placed at my hands by a dead man, and I could not, I cannot, refuse it.

Now that the book is at last finished, I am completely drained, but there are so many things I want to do. I would like to go to Catalonia, I want to interview Brezhnev, and, of course, I want to see Khomeini, the Iranian, and to many others. But the interviews are only a small part of my work. I recently agreed to adapt my book *Enter as a Child* for a new film. I had been asked to do so in many countries and finally agreed to do it in English. With my English? My God, I never accept criticism, but I guess this time I will make an exception. I And there are so many other projects.

The only thing I am sure I will not do is run for political office—as I have been asked to do in Italy. Two years of the Left have asked me to run for the Senate in the June elections. I'm positive I would win, too, but to run would mean to betray my book, to cross into the politics of the politicians. I will not do that. I make political living and writing.

So, you see, even though I am starting to think about my other work again, I remain obsessed with the book. It fascinates me, and I am sure it will for a very, very long time. In Italy alone, the first printing is 300,000 copies, so there will be enormous talk, and I'm afraid they will keep knocking my heels with it. The great books—I'm not going to be modest, there's nothing to be modest about, to hell with that—remain a ghost in the writer's life.

So I suppose that in writing that might become typical in my stylized life. This book will haunt me.

High Life

# Lee the Bolter

Why did Lee Radziwill call off her wedding at the very last minute?

by Taki

Modern anthropologists, better known as gossip writers among the general, have not had as much fodder since her sister died before a planned of travel when she flew off to marry the Greek version of Anthony Quinn.

Eleven years later, with a more dramatic gesture, at least at a less romantic setting, the younger sister comes into her own. Five minutes before her appointed wedding ceremony, she called her mother, the actress, and she said: "People magazine had given to press reporting the ceremony had taken place. Lee Radziwill bolts. While the guests sit gathering around the champagne and her d'oussure in the best man's luncheon San Francisco below, the lady suddenly calls the whole thing off and leaves. God standing at the altar.

Her oldest son kept the headlines, and for once the older sister is spotlighted. As an uncorrupted and veteran-magined Park Avenue gossip (known among the cognoscenti as the social first) remarked, "Jackie would kindly send it to me with Edie Fisher to confirm. Use this time."

Attacker's obsession with the overexposed is evident in the amount of space newspapers and magazines devoted to Lee Radziwill's Tracy Rod-like act. The San Francisco *Examiner* swarmed up with angry reporters and cameramen fighting for the bride's bouquet, which was thrown in time in disgust by the gilded bridegroom's best man, Whitney Warren. Known as the California Redhead because of his exuberant, eccentric behavior and extravagant tastes, Warren followed the prospective bride and called her cousin.

What is not clear is the reason Lee got cold feet. There are many rumors flying. *Time* theorizes she is a London-based correspondent and author.



around that Jackie has dinner, three more women than Groucho had ships. One thing is for sure, however. The jet set, never as exclusive as when evening gossip is out of the world.

High Life, always ready to serve its readers when important and worthwhile news is concerned, has been following the Bolter story up with Harlowe Parris-like imagery and Holmes-like perspicacity. And, amidst its wit, High Life has managed to find out the truth. But before all is revealed, some background information is necessary for those very few proceedings not totally familiar with the wedding Bolter story saga.

Although women seldom star in opus dramas, the Jackie and Lee wedding went down in American history as a legend comparable to the more famous of Hester and Arthur. In spite of the fact the women

have never gone on record as discussing each other, there are undeniable signs of affection—when one talks to Lee, at least. When the press is concerned, however, even in the world. As one critic who knows Jackie intimately put it, "She would rather marry a poor man than damage her in print. And vice versa."

Even though it has been her destiny to prove Harold Robbins and William Shakespeare right—that money does not buy happiness—both Jackie and Lee were taught at a very early age that the most of all evil is poverty. And they know it, although Jackie obviously was more resourceful. She learned to compensate man who have money and power by setting just out of their reach and making them feel vulnerable. She was able to manage this because she seemed to be unattainable to see. Here is a woman as evanescent as the Aga Khan, an enigma as the devil's sister, and as enigmatic as Elizabeth Taylor during her Burton days. And yet a single gesture of liberal Edmunds not only refused her but it is known to have killed stories that show her in an unfavorable light.

Jackie's greatest gift is her ability to play today's culture. On the other hand, Lee has never learned her role to play. It is in this vulnerability that sets her apart and enters her the target of much derision. To most people, she appears bright and happy and a beloved to be a gold digger per excellence. When I called various people who knew her to find out the reasons she pulled her disappearing act, I encountered an avalanche of answers: "Her lawyer could not get a prenuptial settlement out of him," and one beautiful person, "Finally a matter of such, dear boy," said another. Only one so-called friend of Lee claimed ignorance.

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## The jet set, never as creative as when inventing gossip, outdid itself, and more rumors flew around about Lee than Jackie has dresses.

The following example illustrates the extent of people's ignorance regarding Lee's private life. An acquaintance of hers claimed that her ex-boyfriend, Peter Tully, had thrown a moosey wrench into her plans to marry Norman Capote by telling her at the last minute and begging her not to go through with it. The same person said that he was present at a Jackie dinner for Lee, that Tully had called, and that Lee had started crying after talking to him.

Although the woman seemed glib, none is near the truth. Tully, who practices what is known as better else (because of his propensity for being consumed by vulgarity in the middle of black tie dinners), is the last person who could influence Lee. They are no longer friends, and he has turned his attention to a richer woman, Kathy Johnson, daughter of Anne Cox Chambers, an owner of newspapers in the South, now unfortunately in Belgium, and a lady who is referred to as the honey girl. Kay Graham.

Lee's alleged toughness as well as her famous sister, she tends to get involved with men who are neither particularly famous nor extraordinarily rich. She also falls in love—something quite rare at her age. But her worst problem is her obsession with making it on her own.

Here is a cautionary note for achievement that is frequently ascribed by Jackie's over-enthusiastic persons. No matter what she does, the result, in the eyes of the media and of celebrity watchers, the Laramie Link of the upper classes.

Of course, what happened with Capote was enough to disabuse anyone. Lee and her late husband, Stan Redford, had drifted apart around 1963. But they both loved their two children and were still good friends. Lee had met the Greek tycoon through him, and the other Greek had also come going after her. She was, after all, very attractive as well as the sister-in-law of the most powerful man on earth.

There was peace for Capote and Lee to marry after the 1964 divorce. 1974, when Lee and Lee had, had given her approval. Kennedy understood that two people can still respect each other but not live together. After the tragedy of Dallas, the opportunistic Greek pulled out the wire. After he began his life and Lee remained together because good taste demanded it. And both had plenty of that. She, who probably would have married Claiborne Ford, kept to appearances for the children's sake. As for Charlie, she went off to St. Moritz and met a man rather than a woman, older than her father, and shorter than Stan. It was quite a lot of Lee, Stan, Claiborne, and Napoleon at the time, and behind their backs we need to refer to them as usual.

Jackie's involvement in all this was minimal. She did, however, and up to Mrs. Capote.

Just as Jackie and Capote was planning to try the modern twist in France with their wedding, Lee decided to turn in acting as a means of self-expression. Norman Capote was her advisor. He chose The Philadelphia Story for her stage debut and later worked on the script of *Leave for Her*. TV debut. Both were disasters. Capote herself went so far as to say that this was the Tully Tumor's way of humiliating her, his propensity for business concerning her friendship for her.

What nobody mentioned was Lee's courage. She followed the outrageous advice of Capote and ended up "natural star quality" rather than acting lessons. Despite that, the performance credibility for an amateur. During the run of the play, she was consistently such to her amazement, even throughout disunion and lonely nights, and generally looked like a fugitive from an unending table by the time the stage stars were inevitably over. She never once collapsed.

After that, she tried her hand at writing for a while, with moderate success, and followed that by signing on with CBS as an interviewer. She conducted some thoroughly professional if wooden interviews with people like Norman, Gloria Steinem, and Ken Kesey. When compared to the unfortunate side of people like Mary Griffin, she came on like a pro.

At present, Lee seems to have found her identity as a star. She runs her own decorating firm, Lee Redford, and writes mainly on commercial projects such as offices and hotels. That is how she met Norman Capote. He continues to be very useful, doubled by her. The last time I saw them together was three weeks after she had walked out on him. One would never know it by looking at them. They looked very happy. The reason for the no-show was Lee's sudden realization that at that moment her daughter, Lee, had just arrived in a village and that she was running into something that could possibly hurt her relationship with her children. She knew Capote could, and he had. They'd probably marry this fall.

Lee is a strange case. Disliked by most people who know her superficially, she is equally loved by her close friends. They know that the rumors about money are false. Norman Capote's presence, through investigation and media, is not particularly good. And Lee, after all, his plenty of money of her own. Unlike some ladies, she is willing to struggle along with a few million. She does not have to marry for money in the bank. —

# ESQUIRE

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### ESQUIRE

#### FORTHNIGHTLY



#### Life in a Co-ed Animal House

by Susan Sontag

Photo: Bruce Van Pelt. For the New York Times. The cover of Esquire magazine, June 1974, featuring two women sitting on a bed, one reading a book.

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## Joe Namath, Superhero out of Season

No more football, no more Broadway Joe,  
no more razzle-dazzle. Not for a while, anyway

by Mary Murphy

**J**oe Namath walks into the hotel lobby in the same way that he has walked through his life—with the stride of a man in charge. It is the first time I have seen him in person, seen the sparkling mental eyes. Here he is, the real thing, the genuine article, one of America's great athletes and great losers. A tall man, with rugged good looks, very tan. I always suspected he would look as if he could accomplish with ease what most men only dream of, and that's the way he does look.

He takes my arm and guides me to his black Cadillac Coupe de Ville waiting at the entrance. As we pass through a crowd, I can see the upturned eyes of young women admiring him and envying me. I know a woman, an actress friend, who met Joe Namath once and fell into bed with him. It was the only time during her long marriage that she had been seduced. But that was in 1976. Now all Namath's success have turned to failure. I wonder whether, despite his appearance, he still has that kind of power.

"We're going to meet some friends for dinner," he says, driving through the sleepy town of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where he lives now. It is easy to locate Joe Namath with New York, or even with Los Angeles. But Fort Lauderdale? He picked it because it is near the scene of his greatest triumph, his Super Bowl victory in Miami. "One of his friends tells me that 'Hats,' according to another friend, Ray Abruzzese, 'Joe is still king.' As we drive, Namath offers his own explanation for the move south. "My friend said I needed the warm climate for my knees." The famous knee that ended the famous football career. Knees that now threaten to put Namath on crutches within five years.

In the heat of winter, when the sunsets spill into town, Namath steps out of sight, but tonight they are not here and he is heading for the bright lights. He drives to the Panama restaurant, in the middle of town, where he joins Abruzzese, who was a teammate in college and professional football, and Bobby Van, who runs a Fort Lauderdale disco called Mr. Py's. Van has already ordered martinis and is an appetizer. Namath is hungry. "Make it three," he says, sitting down and pulling in his shirt, "and three orders of fried squid."

It is a reunion. It is also a commencement. The three have known one another a long time. Together they owned and man-



Seductive Namath lives in Fort Lauderdale

aged Buchanan III, the New York bar with which National Football League commissioner Pete Rozelle demanded Namath break his association because "Hats" characters' allegedly being out there. Now, ten years later, there is no other Buchanan III. In keeping with the times, this one is a 450-seat restaurant and disco that cost \$12 million.

"I don't want a drink at the office," Namath is saying. "It's a mistake. What we need are a football and a woman." While

Namath is concerned about the office, Van is preoccupied with an upcoming press conference that will announce the venture. He says, "You think we'll get a success?" Namath tells him not to worry. "It'll be huge. I've got contacts. I can even get NBC Nightly News to show up."

As steaming plates of appetizers are passed around, Abruzzese entertains his friends with raucous jokes.

"They, did you hear what the pope said when they asked him what to do about the abortion bill? He said, 'Pay off.'"

A raucous laugh tears Abruzzese's mouth, and along with it, bits of merriment cascade. He goes on.

"You know what they call crazy-ans in China? His eyes are dancing with mischief. "Two can chess."

Obviously, one of the ways jocks communicate is by laughing at one another's bad jokes. So Namath laughs. They share heated stories. They cringe over their own players. In this case, Namath is the authority, they pay him respect. "Told in much better than Mark Robinson," he says, comparing the New York Jets' current quarterbacks.

"Yeah, Joe," Abruzzese nods, "you're right, Joe." But with casual reply, I notice a slight and lead for the ladies' room. When I return, Namath is hunched over the menu. He does not seem to be listening as Abruzzese and Van shift the conversation to women.

"So, Bobby," says Abruzzese, "when you get home, tell her to move out."

"What if she says no?" Van asks.

"What if she says no?" Abruzzese repeats the words slowly, a cloud of anger comes over his face. "You're the boss. You say, 'Bobby, I pay the rent. Now, do you want to live with someone who doesn't want to live with you?'"

Van flashes a bottle of white wine, orders a second. "Trouble is—," and for one instant he seems pensive. "She'll know I don't mean any of it."

Slowly, Namath leans back in his chair, balancing it on its back.

Mary Murphy is an Esquire fictionally living editor





Jimmy Wales at Namath's house, business meetings, and a few nice college days.

legs, a fur of precision. He turns to the waiter who is at his side and orders: "Chicken red soup, green beans, salad, and pasta." Then he turns to Van: "Jesus, Bobby, you must be hooked."

He repeats the word with delight: "Hooked!"

He is silent for a moment. "When it comes to love, make yourself happy. Do what you want. That's what I do. I satisfy me first, then the crowd." His big hands curl around a water glass. "And speaking of bread"—he gives Abruzzese a frosty stare—"never fix me up with an Italian again. This girl last week, Jesus, what a dog. God, was she bad news."

So this is what it is like to be dropped into a world of madmen soon. These three are in a world of their own, and although I am sitting with them at dinner, I have, in effect, been sealed.

Van and Abruzzese finish their bottles of wine. Namath says only Pellegrino water. He doesn't even take a courtesy sip of wine. After dinner, when they order a special Italian dessert from the owner's private stock, Namath asks for Sacher. "Joe's becoming a snob," says Abruzzese. Laughing, he pours out to Namath's Sacher.

As we leave the restaurant, the owner appears at the door with a football. Namath takes it. "Good night, Broadway Joe," the owner says. Driving to Mr. Pop's, Namath is quiet. We pass a movie theater at which *Midnight Express* is showing. "Have you seen it?" I ask him. "Nope, and I don't want to," he says. "I go to movies to be entertained, not to be depressed. I've had enough rough times in my life, enough pain, so much that I never want to have to feel those feelings again. Why should I go to a movie that might provoke them?"

Inside Mr. Pop's, women stream toward him. He touches a cheek here, a hand there, stern at the bar, where he wrings her arms around one of the waitresses, a striking blond whose most noticeable and well-employed features are her enormous, sloping breasts. The combination of Namath and the disco bar is a kind of pulsing aphrodisiac. He moves to the back room, where it is

**Namath: "Living on the past is a way of life I'd like to avoid, but in business my past is lucrative."**

quiet. Here, a portrait of Namath hangs on the wall, along with portraits of Tom Jones, Freddie Fingers, and Frank Sinatra. Namath glances across the room, and in a booth in the corner, behind Sinatra's portrait, two blondes are smiling at him. The older one is, perhaps, forty-seven. The younger one is eighteen. They are a mother-daughter duo, both polished and gleamed. "I like my girls blond and my Johnny Walker Red," Namath always used to say, and now he heads for their table. He slides into the booth and slips his arm around the younger woman's bare shoulders. Her hair is thick and honey-blond and falls loosely down her back. Her face, dominated by almond eyes, is rapturous. "Say hello to Mr. Namath, Linda," says the mother. Linda turns to look at his eyes and smiles.

"God, you are gorgeous. Where did you come from?" Namath says. The mother volunteers that they live in an apartment building next to Namath's. "You want to go home with me?" he asks.

Linda says nothing. In fact, she looks so uncomfortable that I can't resist saying, "Why don't you just tell him to bug off?" Namath whips his head around to look at me. "Shut up," he says with contempt. "The doctor's send my advice from you. What do you know about making men happy?" I remember that one of his friends has told me "he can be mean, really mean," so I say nothing more while Namath continues to try to persuade Linda to go home with him. He doesn't succeed. A few minutes later, he downs his last drop of Sacher and heads out the door. Ten minutes later, he is popping popcorn and watching the late late movie in his plushroom apartment, alone.

Everyone has a favorite Joe Namath image—if him with a dazzling smile, perhaps, or in a flimsy rug, or him in his mark coat or with his Johnny Walker Red or his blonds. Everyone has a favorite Joe Namath moment too—usually that of Super Bowl III, when he predicted and anticipated a winning victory for the old American Football League and changed the course of football history. He was brash and bragg, talented and contentious, a rebel who became the only football player in history to move women in the same way Sinatra and Presley did. Most of all, he

Left: Namath played a coach in his short-lived 1978 TV series.

# Namath's track record in show business has been disastrous. No one knows if he's still bankable.



Namath on the set of *Drainpipe* at Hollywood, a 1974 TV special



As a *Capitol* singer in *The Last Rebel*, '71



The *Weekly Wonders*, a 1979 TV series recorded after show work.



As a motorcyclist with *Ann-Margret* in *C. C. and Company*, a 1970 movie



*Anteache Express*, with *Lee Marvin*



*No, for movie was Newcomb*, in 1969 starring *Glen Campbell*

was honest. He was not humble about his talent; he swayed. He did not offer up humility about the importance of making rules behind, he did know that athletes do sleep with women before big games and we still like to play well.

An outgoing wall of sound resonated from him. He was unpredictable, always out there on the frontier, refusing to be what others expected of him. He gave his hair long when only "hippies" ran jocks, did that. Some people looked him for that, but, eventually, he was almost everyone look. He was one of America's great, lovable, remarkable figures.

There was his talent. And his guts. With his knees matted as braces, he could dominate a football game like no other quarterback, no other player of his time. His nose was short, though, because of those losses. For all his impact, the best is that he played at the peak of his talent only for a few seasons. The rest of the time, good as he could be, he was only using part of his skill. Like a gladiator, his presence on a field was dynamic, his celebrity assured. Until the evening of October 31, 1971, when in front of the whole nation he was injured after throwing four interceptions on Monday Night Football. After that, he never played another moment of pro football.

He had a backup, something that would keep him on the landscape and continue to bring him the adulation he sometimes shunned but could not do without. He had been working part time as an actor during his football career, and now he turned to it full time. The opening of the 1973 football season coincided with the debut of a weekly, NBC television series, *The Weekly Wonders*, starring Joe Namath.

The series was canceled after three weeks, and then, for the first time in his adult life, Joe Namath was without a refuge for celebrity. He retreated into privacy. After several months, rumors began, and many of them appeared in the newspapers. Joe Namath had become a drunk. Joe Namath was bored out of his mind and depressed, afflicted by anxiety. Joe Namath was about to lose his \$5-million contract for endorsing Fabergé products. Joe Namath had become gay. Of all things!

That was about the time I began trying to track him down.

"Hello," he says, into the phone in a deep, leather voice. I have reached him at a New York hotel, and when I tell him I want to talk to him, his voice darkens: "Why the hell should I risk talking to a journalist when all they ever do is screw things up?" Besides, I'm asleep. Call me back in an hour." An hour later, I am told that Mr. Namath has checked out of the hotel. Two days later, I find him again. "Okay," he says, "I realize I've been ducking it. Challenge. Give me a place tomorrow and call me when you arrive."

I fly to Fort Lauderdale the next day and have the media cluster at the Plaza with Namath, Alvin Karpis, and Vito. The day after that, at about 3:30 p.m., I enter his living room and find him lounging in a brown leather chair, sipping me at tea. He still lives in a luxurious profession, but no longer with a luxury and, well, Italian marble bar, or permanent car game. The apartment is next time, undisturbed, two leather my chair, a sculpture of two basketball players, one black and one white, with their arms around each other. In front of photographs of Namath and a few never-ending of the hotel are in soft, soft Sauter's bathroom on the street.

A pile of scripts is in the bedroom and there are half a dozen books, among them *Bliss*, by Richard Bach, Namath's favorite author. "He puts into words what I feel." In the old days, when he was drinking, Joe, you could always find a case of beer, some ice cream, and a few apples in the refrigerator, and little else. Now he opens the refrigerator door, and I see shelves stocked with grapes, wheat bread, apple juice, fish tank, and pasta. Health conscious. There is an ice cream, though. *Peanut* by Swiss chocolate, chocolate chip, and strawberry, he lifts a bowl with heavenly cherry and pears around the living room. A man named Eddie Gerber, who has been described to me as Namath's "closest friend, the guy who knows him best," has paid a visit. "I'm please get out of him, Joe," says Gerber. "Call me when you're ready for dinner. How long do you think it will take?" Namath from him.

has told me that he never sits down for a formal interview. He does not want to sit down now. "Not long," he tells Gerber.

Gerber, I know, is the key member of Namath's entourage in Fort Lauderdale, the man in whom all Namath's unwanted phone calls are relayed, a steady, strong influence. "Okay," he says, "but let's make it early, because we have to get an early start tomorrow." Gerber leaves for his own apartment, which is located next to Joe's and directly across the hall from the apartment occupied by Namath's father, Alvin.

Namath's name up the volume on the stairs. The *Tampa* are singing. "Dona Inanna." Holding his ice cream, he does sit down after all. He takes back the brown leather chair, turns his eyes as if ready to take a nap, and then, as he starts to speak, he forgets the ice cream, takes his left leg straight up, cracks it, wags his arm around his left knee, and gets tangled in the point.

"I went through a period where I was drinking every night. I was making a day in Guyana, working long hours, and every night, Joe Marvin and Robert Shaw and I would go to the bar. They mustn't want to go to bed. But that was the life I had always known, the party life. I didn't know there was another way, more suitable to my health and more comfortable. One day in May, I just stopped drinking. I'm glad I don't, but I'm even happier I stopped. Every morning at nine o'clock that I don't have a hangover."

"So I don't drink and I don't hang out, and I don't like to be in large groups or crowded rooms. When I stopped drinking, I found out there was another life, and now I would much rather be alone, be quiet by myself. I mean, I will hang out at a club to meet a woman, that's why I go—just that. At the new Bachelor's Town, I'll go for work, kind of as an attraction. It's not as if I'm gonna stay home all the time."

"What about the rumors of his depression?"

"I have felt lower than a snake's belly at times lately, and that's mighty low, but I don't remember being depressed for long. Certainly not for a whole day. I've never done anything like you or be because of depression."

We talk on, and it becomes clear that Namath is contemplating

his past as well as his future. "Football was an obsession. It works games on your head, mentally and physically. If you threw a bad pass and forty thousand people boo you or talk about your mother or call you a bum or a rat, it's hell. In this country, we go around degrading politicians as well as athletes. People stand up in Las Vegas and tear down the President of the United States. If it happened anywhere else, they would be gassed."

"I guess I'm like a barracuda. They are a very curious fish. They get consumed with something, and then suddenly it's over, suddenly they don't care anymore."

"There are talkers and doers, doers and talkers. I got a friend, I call him Root Owl, who's been talking to me for years about how he's going to lose weight. But he won't do anything about it. Well, I can't stand him to him anymore. How I believe is either do it or shut up."

I guess him to tell me more of what he's been thinking about his football career.

"Living on the past is a trap," he says. "When you do it, it's a trap. The good things and don't allow yourself to think about the ugly memories. Look, one of the real rewards of achieving and succeeding as you move along in life is being able to remember. But living on the past is a way of life I would like to avoid." He laughs. "Except in business, of course. In business... I live on my past, and it is lucrative."

As they sit, Joe Namath is so financially secure that, according to Bobby Vee, "he'll never have money problems in his life. He's got real estate investments all over the country, two restaurants, and an advertising revenue. He and his brother, Jimmy Walsh, are a sort of Joe." Namath earns more than half a million a year from activities other than sports and entertainment. There is the new Bachelor's III in Fort Lauderdale and a restaurant in Times Square, real estate investments in Florida, New York, and Alaska, a Fabergé contract, which is paying him \$5 million over twenty years and which, rumor notwithstanding, Namath's attorney Jimmy Walsh insists is secure.

The *Harris Beauty* Met commercial, for which Namath posed

I want to ask Joe  
the question, but  
I don't know how.  
So I just ask:  
"Are you gay?"



Partying with Valerie Jennings in 1973.



With Marjorie Armstrong in 1971.



Acquainting friends '72 with Rachel White.



With his ex-girl friend Ronda Gels in 1977.

his legs still pines pretty sore in a mockery of the match coats, was, perhaps, his most famous. Today, based on the success of that commercial, he has contracts with Franklin Sports Industries, Scott Manufacturing, Dynamic Chance Inc., Calvin Klein, and L'Oréal. And although he was steadily laced out of Hollywood by the critics, he made his comeback in January in the form of *The Dean Martin Celebrity Roast*, then, two days later, surfaced on a special for the 1979 Super Bowl. In the fall, Namath's fourth film *Analogue* Express, will be released. Next season, he hopes to cohost a television series, a kind of 50 Minutes of sports, with director Porgy and sportswriter Larry Merchant. All of it, phase two of his career, depends on Billy Walsh's term, on whether Namath is still lovable. Is he the same superhero who could bring 70,000 people to the edge of their seats when he ran onto the football field? Namath was the biggest gas attraction in the history of football, yet his track record in show business is mediocre.

Namath is telling me now that his television series failed because "the writing was bad. It didn't have anything to do with me—but thank anything you want." He is also saying that the reason he did not become a star is that he had been told a different story by one Namath disciple. "The old came when he was on the plane flying back to Los Angeles, loaded down with gifts for the whole staff. I knew he would be upset when he found that it was cancelled, and he was."

"It is true," I ask. "I think that you have been in hiding ever since?" He scoffs. "What a stupid question! Hiding? What am I hiding from? I don't have anyone to hide from. I haven't done anything to be ashamed of. Even after my last one hundred interceptions I held my head high. The secret was badly written, it's done simple." He dwells on it only in a moment, then shakes his head. "It would be awful, wouldn't it, to spend your life worrying about what happened in the past. Looking your conscience better you. Wow, God, I would go berserk."

We are interrupted by a ringing telephone. "Yeah," he says, picking it up. "Well, you can always stay here if you get to late. I've got an extra bed. . . No, can't think of anything. . . Yeah,

not easy, buddy, we're square. . . And I hope you make it." Hanging up, he says, "That was Jimmy Walsh. He's at Kennedy Airport, on his way down here. His flight's been delayed by a bad storm. He's afraid his plane might crash, and he wants to know if we are squared away."

Namath is a loyal friend and a classy one. By combining his friendships with his business contacts, he has become a wealthy man. It was at Namath's urging that Walsh went to law school. "Do it, and when you graduate, I'll hire you," he urged Walsh when they were undergraduates together at the University of Alabama. Namath lived like the day Walsh passed the bar. In return, Walsh paid Namath's taxes and increased his money. "Jimmy promised Joe to a product," says an associate of Walsh's, "and he also closed up Joe's suit with women. If Joe gets mad of a brand on Saturday morning, Jimmy is the one to give her the plane ticket home."

"Joe is loyal," Abramson tells me. "I could turn to him anytime, for money or anything, and he would give it to me." And when I mention to Namath that his friend Dick Schenck, the broadcaster and writer who wrote Namath's autobiography, is in a divorce battle and that Schenck's wife has found Roy Cohn as her attorney, he says to me, "You tell Schenck he's got a fine wife and whatever else he needs from me, anytime."

"Ya want some tea?" Namath greets, walking into the kitchen with his drink stick and confident manner. I remember that he was a national hero by the time he was a senior in college.

"Ever been in therapy?" I ask.

"Never been to a psychiatrist." Putting tea, he gazes speculatively at me, gesturing toward another cup. I nod yes. "If you want to know," he says, "I had spiritual help. I've always felt I was with God or whatever superior intelligence is out there, and I have always had help from God. I've always felt God with me, on my shoulder, on my shoulder, near me, near my body, so I've never felt alone. Just to know that I could never let them down or let myself down, that I had to keep trying, no matter what, kept me going. But I am a realistic person, if something is settled, I don't beat my head against the wall." Frequently, I'm told,

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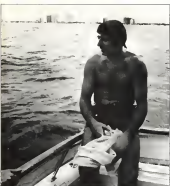
**Namath's lawyer: "For the first time, Joe's life is open. I don't know what purpose he'll put into it."**



Namath fishing in Tallapoosa, Alabama, with friend Matt DeBella.



He plays eighteen holes of golf every day, often with his father.



In his boat off Fort Lauderdale. His restaurant is in the background.



At a 1978 tournament after he consumed his restaurant.

Namath will slip into the back pews of a local Catholic church, drop in his knees, and pray. His rituals are mostly private. "What I do is communicate daily with my spiritual leader."

His religion, like a lot of his old-fashioned questions, came out of the Pontotoc area south of Beaver Falls, where he was born, the fourth son of a boot-finisher helper at a local mill and oil. He grew up in a neighborhood where (some believe) he was tall, interrupted only by jackknives and dictionaries surrounded by burned-out houses. From a book written by Namath's mother, Rose Strickland, you get a sense of what obstacles he had to overcome: "The high school field is just dirt—no grass, and only a few burned-out woods. The island beyond is hardly any prettier. Streams of raw sewage trickle down between an assortment of junk and garbage that includes everything from broken bottles to fat cats to newspapers to old toilet seats. And that is where my son Joey learned to play football."

In 1915, when Namath was in seventh grade, his parents were divorced. He lived with his mother. There was even less money. He learned how to hustle—he cut pool, dimesh shoes, ran marbles for a living. He began his escape the only way he knew how: "Where I come from," he has always said, "if anybody gonna hustle me."

Namath carried his way out of Beaver Falls through sports. It was not until 1964, he took the University of Alabama to a national championship on a puppy leg. In 1965, he was signed by Sonny Werhlo to be quarterback for the New York Jets. He was paid \$407,000 over three years, at that time the highest salary ever paid to a professional athlete.

In Namath's apartment, we hear Howard Cosell's voice coming from a neighbor's television set. Cosell is saying, "I remember that day that Joe Namath completed fifteen out of twenty-eight passes, for a total of four hundred seventy yards and six touchdowns, the greatest day for any quarterback in the history of football."

"Don't remember. All I remember is that we won. Winning is all that matters."

The doorbell rings. "Hi, Stephanie," he says when he opens the

door. There is the hallway in Namath's neighbor, a woman with shoulder-length wheat-blond hair, a golden sun, a slumped posture, looking at her gynecologist, and white downy pants hanging loosely from her hips. She is frowning. "They say I have to move because I got too fat." He puts his arms around her shoulders and I walk to the sun porch, leaving them alone. I look out at the city of Fort Lauderdale, twelve floors below, and across the canal, the crisscrossing waterways. Namath joins me on the balcony in the sun is setting. "Stephanie and Eddie and I are going fishing in the morning," he says. "You want to join?" I say yes, and he walks inside and picks up the phone. "Hey, Eddie, you getting hungry?" Yeah, well, he's about twenty minutes more. Then I go to shower. —No, let's get something good. —Maybe find some women. —Yeah, he says, "let's not come."

"Bob" obviously wants me. There is one more subject I want to bring up before I leave, but I don't quite know how. Namath is one of the great American playboys. He has had several unusual relationships with women—one with a classmate at Alabama, one with a young woman named Anne Marie, and more recently (and for five years) with Ruth Oschin, a beautiful blond model. It seems so absurd, really, but people have been telling me and telling me and telling me that Joe Namath is homosexual. I don't know how to be truthful, so I just ask: "Are you gay?"

"Am I gay?" He echoes the question. "Am I gay?" He turns his face toward me, looking directly into my eyes for the first time. There is a pause, and then he says, "I like an on a woman's body besides me. I've never said that to a man's body that makes me a gay. I admit I wonder. I've thought it over, thought about it over the years, occasionally, of course, putting myself in various postures, thinking them out. And it hasn't turned me on when I think about men in a sexual way."

"They've been saying it about me for years. I know. But me. But I accept it. Why people think about Joe Namath at all is something I marvel at. I'm sure thirty years from now, if I'm still a husband, people will be asking me if I'm gay. It's just another

curious question from out there, and the answer is simply no." I am grateful for his answer but unsure of what to do next, so I launch into a long-winded question: "We live in a time when there are so few heroes..." But before I can finish the sentence, he cuts me off.

"Truth, so what's that got to do with me?" I explain that he's been a hero to many people, that he fulfilled a lot of fantasies for men who lead uncertain lives, that he was always just a little ahead of his fans, that people looked up to him because of it.

"I'm flattered," he says. He is silent for a while. "But I guess I think that if people think I am some kind of hero, I hope they'll get over it. If it works for them, it's okay. But it's not my goal, it's a flattery. I don't have any heroes, never have had. I suspect a lot of people, but as far as making somebody my hero—never have."

"What's the definition of a hero anyway?" he says, standing up and walking into the bedroom. He pulls a dictionary from the shelf, sits on his bed, lays it across the green-and-gold velvet bedspread, and flips through the pages. "It says here," he yells down the hallway: "that a hero is a mythological or legendary figure of great strength or ability. A man admired for his achievements and qualities." He appears at the doorway, holding the dictionary and laughing. "I like that. You know, I like it. I like that I can do in three sentences. The point is we all are. Isn't it great," he says, walking into the living room, "to know that at times we can all be heroes, all of us?"

He flips through the pages again, stops, runs his fingers up and down the columns until he comes to the word hero. "A woman of extraordinary or qualities," he reads. "What does that mean? Is it a woman who is like a girl?" Rascally laughter.

"Well, gotta take a shower," he says. "Why don't you call a cab? I do so, then I sit in his living room waiting for a buzz door downstairs signaling the cab's arrival. I hear Namath get into the shower, hear the water running, then suddenly he appears at the door, the water seeping through his hair and running down his body in streams into the lower bowl that is wrapped around his waist. He walks over to my chair, leans so close I can feel the

breath on my cheek, and says "Not only am I am gay, I am not even bisexual." He turns and pushes back to the shower.

It is the morning after. For Namath, it is not the morning after Johnnie Walker Red, when wine, and Kahlua, as it used to be, but the morning after two broken-cash milkshakes, greasy tea, and Salsas. The phone in my hotel room rings at 7:00 a.m. "Be here in a half hour," says Namath on the other end. "And don't eat. It's rough out there."

When I arrive at the dock, Namath and Gerber are loading a Boston Whaler, a boat that they have named *Alabaster*. Namath's father, John, stands next to him, wearing a jogging suit. Father and son agree to meet at one-thirty on the golf course, in they do nearly every day. Publicly, Namath has spoken mostly of his mother. He has avoided her with leanness his football career. It was she, he has said, who wanted he attend college. So now, after his father goes away, I ask Namath whether he has always been on good terms with both his parents. He seems surprised and angry.

"Are you implying that I love my father more than my mother?" he says as he unbars the ropes from the dock. "Are you assuming that there is a difference in closeness?" He jumps aboard, followed by his cousin Stephanie, who has just come out the back door of the condominium where the boat is docked.

I am sorry I asked the question. But after all, Namath's father has not done, and his mother lives in Pennsylvania. Namath turns the key to start the motor and says, "My mother has always been a big influence on my life. Still is. A major part of my happiness is being able to share my life with her. But if you are asking me to choose between my parents, if you are insisting that there is a difference in closeness, well, I don't think about it, I don't see. It doesn't make any difference."

He steers the boat slowly out to the main channel. A few moments later, we tie up at another dock. "Get in get the fishing pole," he says as he jumps off. "Eddie, get some food." Namath returns with two \$300 fishing pole, and Eddie brings some fruit and cheese from a local store.

# EYE FIDELITY.



Courtesy pictures of the ex-Broadway Joe at the ways of his life: *watching (Richard Dinklage is a favorite) and watching television alone*

This is the beginning of a typical day for Joe Namath. It begins at 4:30 a.m. He fishes until noon, plays eighteen holes of golf, swims fifty laps in the pool at his condominium before dinner. Now he smokes the best one he can get at full speed. Everyone has to hold tight. His intensity behind the wheel remains one of the things he said the night before. "I had to go to bed, I have to keep myself every day. Prove myself to myself. I have a conscience and I feel guilty if I don't do a lot of great things every single day."

While Joe smokes, Eddie Gerber and I watch the police, waiting for a few "Joe is the kind of guy who does not look back." Gerber says, "who takes a shot and goes on." He stands up, adjusts the phone. I wonder about Namath's future.

"If you could see things through his eyes, you would be an optimist too," Gerber says. "When Joe walks down Madison Avenue, what he sees are smiling faces. Smiling faces in the middle of Manhattan. This is not the New York I know, but it is, even today, Joe Namath's New York—a sea of smiling faces."

Gerber reaches into his Westchester for a sandwich and takes it on his nose. "What that does," he continues, "is reinforce his expectations that the lights will be bright for him forever. I don't know how he would react to the lights being turned down, even now he doesn't see it. If he does, it will be a good test of character."

The fish are not biting. Namath begins to lose patience. "Let's get outta here and go swimming," he says. He does fish and guppies and plunges into the water. His head bobs in and out of the ocean. Twenty minutes later, he is standing on the side of the boat. "Great! Blue marlin, white marlin, wonderful, something orange. Great!" He is satisfied. Something great has happened this day. He heads for shore at full speed.

A moment later, the boat smashes into floating debris. Namath changes on. Then it happens again. Gerber steps in. "We better take a look," Gerber says as he puts on the goggles and fins and slips on his mask. When Gerber surfaces, he is floating. "The whole bottom of the boat is gone. We'll be lucky if we make it to shore."

"Looks like this is it," Gerber says. "Let's take her into the harbor, see what we can salvage. If not, if we let her sit at the dock, she could go down, and it would cost us plenty."

We drift toward home. Namath broods for a while. Abruptly, he says, "Screw it. I want to go to the golf course on time. If the bottom falls off, it's too bad. Let's take her straight home. If she sinks, we only lose a couple of thousand dollars." We make it back, and Joe runs off. The boat is a mess.

"Joe is like Sinatra," Ray Abruzzese told me. "He may be down, but he will be back on top." Maybe. Jimmy Walsh will only say that "For the first time, Joe's life is open. What kind of purpose he will now put into his life, I don't know."

But Dick Schapp can't wait. Schapp tells a story about the time Roselle ruled that Namath had to sell his interest in Ricken III or be banned from football. Refusing to give in, Namath announced he was quitting the game, and that night he and Schapp went to dinner at Trader Vic's in New York. As usual, Namath was treated royally. Waiters bowed. Customary paid homage. As Namath finished eating his sweet-and-sour chicken, Schapp looked across the table at the plate. What remained was rice.

"Better get used to it, Joe," Schapp said. "It's all you may be eating for a long time."

"Rice," whispered Namath. "In case, if that's all I ever have." "From that moment," Schapp says, "I never felt that Joe had to have success or money or fame, that he needed it. I figured he could handle anything, any setback, any time-out, as long as he did not have to go back to Beaver Falls and be anonymous, as long as he did not have to do what his father had done, work in the steel mills."

While all of us wait to see how Namath gets back on top or what his new purpose will be or whether he's really be content with rice, I suppose he'll just move on to the next bar and hope the next night my year-old is remembered by his name. And if she is not, he'll down his Skatka, jump on his cat, and watch the late late movie, alone. —



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—John J. Schindler  
NY 41



When I began drinking Campari, my friends thought I was looking for a new experience.  
—Carl Sorensen  
Seattle, Wash. 42



When I began drinking Campari, my friends thought I was looking for a new experience.  
—Kimberly Kucik  
New Orleans, La. 43



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## CAMPARI & SODA

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# THE HIGH 1930s

In the middle of America's depressing decade, the sun broke through for a while. June 1936 was high noon

by Malcolm Cowley

Almost everybody who lives long enough to this day has had a favorite period of American history. Mine is the time that stretches—but not too far—from the summer of 1936 to the end of 1938, my eighteen months, but I remember those only because I remember that they were the best months of my life. They are the months, reported by historians, that I like to call the high 1930s.

Historians of the Depression years tend to forget that there was a respite when much of the nation was relatively contented. People were relaxing from a long strain and they had time to draw a easy breath. After the agony and confusion of 1932, the worst year, after the grueling and capricious of the first New Deal, with the disappointment that followed, most Americans had adjusted themselves to living on smaller incomes with a limited degree of security. They no longer had nightmares of falling into after starvation. Many had found new jobs—there were six million more Americans employed than at the bottom of the slump—and they were somewhat less afraid of what would happen if they lost them. At worst, they could go on relief like many of their neighbors, or they could make loans for the Works Progress Administration (WPA).

However—these children of slacks back by hardening men on vacant lots—had disappointed, and suddenly wondered what had become of them. They had been told that they were no longer needed with boys going abroad, the boys stayed home and went to high schools, which now had more students than ever before. If the boys went on to college, they might be helped by part-time work provided by the National Youth Administration. If they came from families on relief, they could enter the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Marriages were still being deferred for lack of money, and the birthrate had fallen steeply. Young wives, for the most part, regarded pregnancy as a disaster. Older wives with children took pride in serving "Better Meals for Less Money" in the words of a slogan in cookbooks of the time. "New Dishes from Leftovers" was another. A big white refrigerator—often a new one when everything else was old—had become the center of the kitchen.

The nation here in 1936 is a poor nation and thereby historic. An easy life was not just an economic impossibility but a social one. The American Society of Magazine Editors.

Families had drawn closer together. With the five-day week, a luxury from earlier days, they had leisure now for single family dinners, parents, talking over the radio, cricket, duck tennis, Ping-Pong, quilts, embroidery, bridge for older people, and the still new game of Monopoly. Monopoly had come back into vogue. In the smaller cities, spas, mostly for men, had been replaced by expensive roadhouses for all the family.

There was always someone who kept making progress, the production of American cinema grew by 151 percent between 1933 and 1937. There was also a revival of interest in flower gardening. In 1936, a vice-president of W. Allen Surges, the gardeners, reported to me in a letter that they were now and then growing new, especially flower strains, that they were in 1936. The general trend was to the backyard garden for an increase in flower production. Backyard vegetable gardens had suffered as a consequence. Taking 1930 as our baseline for 1936, the level for 1936 would be 151.5. In 1932, in the bottom of the slump, the level was slightly lower, but the soil business was not so much affected by the depression as other businesses were.

In 1932, people had been growing and eating vegetables so that they could be sure of something to eat. Three years later, with a little cash in their pockets to pay to the grocer or at the roadside stand, they were now suddenly observing growing strains of flowers.

Sociologist Robert S. Lynd went back to Muncie, Indiana, in June 1937 with a staff of five assistants. It was ten years after his first "survey in contemporary anthropology," the one later described as *Middletown* (1939). He had chosen Muncie as the typical American city. In what ways had it been changed by the boom and the Depression?

His time Lynd reported—in *Middletown in Transition* (1937), written with his wife, Helen Merrill Lynd—that Muncie was still dominated by the benevolent despotism of a single family. The family had prospered during the Depression years from its near monopoly of making glass flower jars, where there was a necessity for durable housewares, especially those with home gardens. Meanwhile, the working class had suffered from the lack of other employment. People had adjusted their habits of thought to the Depression, and Lynd believed that the city remained steadily Republican. At the same time, he found that Muncie had become more attractive. There were more flower gardens in what had been bare yards, and larger improvements were visible.



Radios and refrigerators swept the country. Here, both are combined in the 1937 Crosley Refrigerator with radio.

There was an easier feeling almost everywhere. The national income had risen from its low point by more than 50 percent, and corporations were prospering.

Most of them had been made with the help of federal (that is, Democratic) money. One improvement was a new municipal bond issue across the city. The polluted river had been cleaned and dredged. Streets had been widened and resurfaced, the airport had been graded and widened. Public buildings had been enlarged and in some cases decorated with murals by artists working at federal substance grants. A park with a big municipal swimming pool had replaced a city dump near the coast at Long Beach. Other parks were closed as a result of the WPA's much-misunderstood leaf raking, and they were often the scene of public dances and concerts (evening courtesy of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration). Good times were coming back, the Lynch daylight, and the streets were crowded with smiling people.

There were indeed the high 1930s in small-to-medium cities such as Memphis. In larger cities too, including New York, that period of euphoric murals was a relatively happy time, at least for the middle classes. There was no mass feeling against everywhere. The national income had risen from its low point by more than 50 percent, and corporations were prospering once again. If all American corporations, to the number of roughly 900,000, had made a single balance sheet for 1934, it would have shown an aggregate loss of \$5.6 billion. By 1936, their joint profit for the year was more than \$5 billion. The Dow Jones industrial stock average had risen by 200 percent—from \$58.50 at the end of 1932 to 179.90 at the end of 1936—and stockbrokers should have been ecstatic. Instead, they were complaining about government interference and were reviving stories about the series of their away men by the White House.

Even in New York, not much of the money trickled down to middle-class intellectuals. Our incomes were still at a low point, but the little we earned went a long way in what was still a buyers' market. Food was cheap by later standards and rents were cheaper, with apartments easy to find (the Cowleys were then paying \$85 a month for seven rooms in the Village). Restaurants always had tables, and waiters and waitresses for a 10-percent tip. Doctors made house visits. The streets weren't crowded and were reasonably clean, not to speak of being safe at night. There was no racket of evening bachelors. Garbage was picked up and snow was removed. The air was bearable. Parking places were easy to find, and so were taxis. The subway fare was only a nickel.

And entertainment. That interlude in the Depression years was the great age of swing bands. With Otis Ferguson, that best of song critics, as our guide, we listened to Benny Goodman at the Café Rouge of the old Pennsylvania Hotel or to Count Basie at the Famous Door on Fifth Avenue. Here, as we could see in the Survey Exhibition in Harlem on the chance of hearing Duke Ellington or Louis Armstrong. Swing sometimes was mixed in those years, and like many downtown people, we had friends in Harlem who sometimes gave bottle parties. We didn't do much dancing any longer, since our notes went back to the sweet-and-slow fixator era, it seemed to us that the new dance—the lindy hop, the shag, the big apple—were destined for the lumber knees of baby-boomers. Neither did we attend public spectacles as the 1935 heavyweight fight between Joe Louis and Max Baer, when 95,000 people with money to spend crowded into Yankee Stadium (21,000 had no-called corporate seats). But we did go to the movies in those high old days of the Marx Brothers and W. C. Fields. If we preferred Broadway shows, tickets for most of them could be bought for half price in Gray's Drugstore at the corner of Forty-third Street. The Federal Theatre Project was even cheaper, and furthermore it engaged our sympathies. By May 1936, it had five



Sitting long, Benny Goodman audiences from the Pennsylvania Hotel.

Workers at a fruit jar factory in Memphis, try to keep up with a nationwide demand.



The Depression was the case in Roosevelt's first two campaigns.

Wilder heard Duke Ellington in Harlem, ref in 1936.



The Federal Theatre Project's all-black Mabel's opera at the Lafayette Theatre in Harlem, 1935.



**Farm prices were up, but farmland was still cheap, and its availability had revived in us an old dream of owning a house within reach of New York.**

in New York (they weren't kits in Congress, which always assuaged the project). The best of them were *Monday in the Cathedral*, *Maifest*, with an first all-Negro cast, and the living Newspaper production of *Triple-A Plowed Under*.

Or were we planning a trip across the country? No reservations had to be made in advance, since there was always a room to be found. Domestic travel was easier at those days, when trains went everywhere and traffic was light on most of the highways. There were pleasure nights too, with less suburban sprawl and no unpleasant reminders of gas stations, motels, and fast-food centers to blemish the landscape. The mid country began near thirty miles from New York for dinner or Chicago, with growing cows, unattached woodmen, and cornfields in season.

Made it be that these high 1930s were the last American idyll? Not if one turns it around the suffering that viewpoint through those years, though we too remember there were still eight million persons out of work, and twenty to twenty-five million, sometimes dependent, were on relief. In retrospect, however, that country seems more attractive in times of relative hardship or danger, when it is less pushing, less crowded, more given to acts of kindness—"We're all in this together"—and less intent on grab-and-get-ahead.

My praise of the countryside as it then appeared is based on the Northeast and the Middle West, two regions I knew better than others. Here and there in my travels, I saw lovely bits as fine as a eye that old fields were being cleared again. People were still moving back to the northeastern land, and they clung to it for security. West and south of the Missouri River, the countryside had a different look. Especially on the high plains, the land itself was blowing away, nobody could cling to it. The years from 1935 to 1936 were those of the great dust storms that turned the sky black at noon. Crops failed year after year. Many towns were wiped out, and the desolate farmland was seized by the banks. Hundreds of thousands of farm families were "driven out" or "relocated out", it was the end of an American peasantry. At first, as in the Northeast didn't hear much about this disaster. There had been no doctors in New England or in the Middle Atlantic states, country people there were living a little better than before because the Western drought had raised the prices of what they produced. Farmland was still cheap, though, and its availability had revived in us an old dream of owning a house within reach of New York but a long field and with its own garden.

It was in the spring of 1936 that the Conleys managed to buy a considerable farm and seven acres of land near a village seventy miles north of Grand Central Station. To celebrate our expanding group—and also as an act of good feeling that briefly prevailed in the material world—we decided to share a big party at our West Village apartment and invite "everybody." That meant our literary friends of whatever political complexion. Communists, anti-Communists, New Dealers from Washington, the hard liberals, all-for-america, and thousands of various types, including a few of the best-known and a good-to-be-known. It would be a winter's feast, even broader in cooperation than the popular front government had taken office in Paris at the beginning of 1936. Authors would mingle with critics who had slapped their backs. There would be a toast to quarreling.

There weren't exactly a crowd, but neither were there many visitors. I had been a little worried about the need to be there. He was Severin Collins, a worldly and once popular young man who had worked with Edmund Wilson on *Poetry Fair* and had later



*Author Conley (foreground) and friends at his newly purchased house in Connecticut. In back he and his wife Muriel (right), all five, Arthur, Alexander, Collier and Peter Blum are at left.*

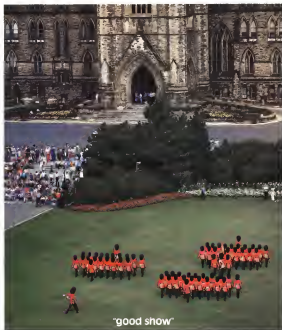


*Conley, Blum and his architect at the famous Blue That's Back at the piano and some other player Laver being at left right.*



*Overseeing one of many. The Blumings displayed him at a 1939 concert.*

*A new housing development in Detroit, Indiana.*



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Informal roadside picnics were a cheap form of entertainment. They depended on the auto, over 2.5 million of which were sold in 1938.



Attendance at events had never been higher. Consider such as W. C. Fields were favorites.



Levitt dancing, shown here in a 1930s photograph, helped make jazz popular among white audiences.



The short-lived recovery of the mid-1930s made Democratic happy such as these delegates to the Democratic National Convention of June 1936—the "high point" of the high 1930s for the center.

Nobody could forget the day when FDR carried every state but Maine and Vermont. He even carried Muncie, Indiana, which had never before gone Democratic.

became publisher of a literary monthly, the *Bookman*. When he used the magazine to express ideas that seemed close to those of Mandelstam, his literary friends, all conscientious liberals, dropped away. He was delighted to attend a party at which some of them would be present. That evening, he wandered from room to room, glass in hand, defending his views so mildly that nobody could shoot him. Jan Farrow—now sometimes called Jane Swain Green—had bludgeoned or shilledogged me that spring in his *A Rose or Larkspur*. Otherwise, now we were finding points of agreement. Everybody agreed with the New Dealers on the occasion, they were collaborating against the Supreme Court, which had been overruling one social law after another. His last ruling before the summer picnic had been that the states had no constitutional right to fix minimum wages for women and children. "Those terrible justices," a young woman said, "are taking the life in their decisions."

A novelist mumbled loudly what would happen next in Spain. His audience scattered to reassemble at a table near the big low window, where bottles stood in disorder. The critic John Chamberlain had lately joined the staff of *Fortune* against my urging. I said that the literary line was high and would never here in spend more and more, so that he might end as a slave to his need of living. John nodded and said he would live simply while maintaining his right to hold his own opinions, as radical as he pleased. We shook hands. The *Bookman* then, of course, continued, and fraternizing with Joe Pennington, the most charming, but he had to please in order to be heard across the barroom. Our one sleep soundly in his cot through the hallway.

For me, that evening in June 1936 was a high point of the high 1930s. For others and for the nation, the highest point was election day, November 3. In the preceding weeks, there had been discussion in line at which President Roosevelt's kept saying voters his happy days were truly here again, and his words had been belated with enthusiasm. Now it became apparent that the businessmen who feared and shied had been talking mostly to one another. Nobody could forget that day when Roosevelt carried every state but Maine and Vermont. He even carried Muncie, Indiana, among other states that had never before gone Democratic. At Muncie on Wall Street that opened in spite of the "hookers" long fiasco. Seventeen big corporations raised wages.

But retail prices rose up as well, an only sign that the high 1930s were ending. People now didn't like the money to buy the alcohol, goods they were being asked to buy. The idea of the purchasing power was the President's new effort, in 1937, to balance the budget by holding down appropriations. Once again, profits fell and factories were closing. October 29, 1929, was Black Tuesday on the stock market, almost exactly eight years after the Black Thursday of 1929. Roosevelt had been trying to "restore confidence" among financiers, in his professorial bid stand, but what the money lords couldn't do for their friend Hoover they wouldn't attempt to do for a man they regarded as their enemy. The army of unemployed grew by more than two million. Finally, the Congress threw up its hands, froze the federal budget, and asked Congress for authority to spend \$3 billion more for relief and public works. Federal money in renewed circulation was showing its effects by June 1938, but recovery would be slower this time, with wranglings of doubt and dissonance. The cancer mood of 1933 and 1936 wouldn't come back for long years. Sometimes, in the ends of pleasant memories, I wonder if it will ever come back. —

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# Games Restaurants Play

Why is it that when the check comes, the total is always more than you calculated when you ordered your dinner?

Answer: Certain tricks of the restaurant trade

by James Villas



**I**t happens every time you sit down in a fancy restaurant—no, well, at least a few not so fancy ones. As you study the menu and wait for a little calculator in your brain starts clicking away automatically, "What's this going to cost?" In the past, despite your calculations, you've always been surprised when the final bill arrives, but the ones you're determined to analyze every single charge that could conceivably be made. Apparently, many cooks may be a small salad and wine vegetable for two, wine, too, up. You come up with a figure that can't possibly be off by more than a dollar or two. But when the bill is presented, you suddenly realize your most well-planned, \$60 dinner for two has somehow soared to \$75. You think about haggling with the captain, but in instead you simply sit there, shell out, and return once again to being a victim.

The reason is that the owners of swank restaurants (not all, but most) make up one of the shrewdest breaks in cuisine when it comes to making an extra buck. It's just enough that so many get by with paying off receipts for butter, bread, olive oil, and pork picnic shoulder for Virginia ham, but their degree of expertise in foreclosing all sorts of legitimate extra charges is downright frightening. Anyone who does not regularly is accustomed to coping with the subtle handout of cocktails, coffee, and those endearing dishes with supplemental green tucked on, but what can make a diner of the bill are literally dozens of other charges that you have no means to suspect but that are so carefully manipulated by owners, captains, and waiters in the constant of casual spooned from a tin.

Unlike most people in this overly glib society, I don't hesitate to check and challenge a bill every time I dine out, particularly in those restaurants I love most. As a result, I've learned quite a bit that might help save you lots of money and, in the long run, will most likely bring you respect. But if you're the type who fires up upon the solemn practice of questioning a bill, you may as well skip reading here. If, on the other hand, you're truly serious about understanding the fine restaurants, take note.

— You should learn to scan a menu especially the top, restaurant card the way you examine a medical insurance policy. Quite often, the extra charges that end up on the bill are indicated somewhere. The Rappaport magazine said dining your waiter recommends over the regular menu.

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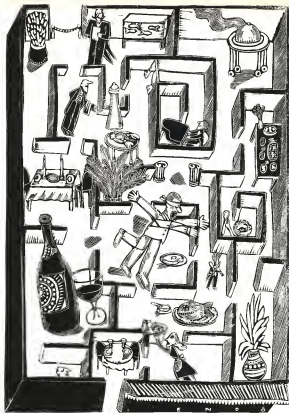
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"All Prices [Are] Subject to Change" If you disregard this warning or fail to ask whether it applies to what you're ordering, you could be in big trouble.

— The only thing is certain: American restaurants that provide up with and subsequent more than that, shrewd and constant practice of adding an automatic cover or "bread & butter" charge to the bill (even the French abolished the custom in 1957) is the sneaky way that charges are developed on the menu. At Le Cirque and The "21" Club in New York, the extra charge, listed as "B & B Cover" and "Crown Charge," respectively, is viciously camouflaged among the appetizers and potatoes, in Locke (Diner in Boston, it is tucked on at the bottom of a page, under part of the entire menu) and at Penn's in Los Angeles, it shows up at the very bottom of a prologues menu, where it prints slightly larger than the adjacent items. On even the most streamlined menus, search carefully for this same. It can set you back as much as \$2.75 per person (at The Four Seasons in New York), and remember that you deserve to be prepared for it. If you refuse to tolerate this fix-off, you can at least send away the bread, butter, olive, coffee, or whatever is placed automatically on the table and inform the management that you will not cover for those items when the bill arrives. Luckily, you do not have to pay for anything you don't order.

— Another hidden one from which there is legal protection is a service charge added automatically to the bill—no offending European custom that now seems to be catching on in fancy American restaurants. In New York, it's done subject to the service 15 percent gratuity at a place like Saks, where things are occasionally messy and where management at least has the decency to warn you explicitly on the menu (as best after the tea service) at the



ends, but you should not tolerate either The Palace or Rhapsody's stepping a "frustrated" 20-25 percent "service" charge on an already outrageous bill unless the waiter happens to be justified by absolutely flawless service. If you run into this sort of position and the restaurant tries to force you to tip, simply tell the owner or maitre d' to call the police. The police will be on your side.

Ⓛ Beware particularly of table d'hôte menus that say "the price of the main course includes the full dinner." If you fail to notice the dangerous word "or" between the multiple appetizer and soup listings (as at Windows on the World in New York), the salads and vegetables, and the cheese and desserts, you could get clipped. Remember also that few solid d'hôte menus include things like Roquefort dressing, cheese, and coffee and the only place I saw avoid this country that allows for as much as a glass of water (Globe Inn in Colorado, no less) is the very questionable Domino in College Park, Maryland. If you have any doubts about this type of menu, ask boldly if the captain or waiter will ask.

Ⓛ Whenever you dine with more seating than in high-class Italian and Chinese restaurants, most of which make their fortunes either by supplying specialty prepared dishes cut on the menu or charging extra for any item divided by two or more persons. A place of fried nachos (commonly in starch in soup) at Silverio's in Chicago, for instance, is pleased to have white-supply cocktails, and when better recommendations from MasterChef at The Mandarin in San Francisco to magazine Norman at David K's in New York that an attractive assortment of hot appetizers for everyone to taste? Not, you believe you have the job to what the rest will be, prepare to pay whatever the management decides to charge. As for splitting pasta dishes in a possible first or second course, occasionally you'll be advised in fine print that these orders "will be charged accordingly." The quote from the staggeringly complex menu of Ramon Salas in New York, but generally no such confusion in menu and you're in the mercy of the staff. To come out on top financially in any Italian or Chinese restaurant, the one and only rule to follow is: eat, repeat, never order anything that's not printed clearly on the menu and never allow a dish to be divided.

Ⓛ Nobody can outdo the French when it comes to the "upsells of the day" and what I call the "friendly teasing" bits in a more honest day, specials were always spelled out and printed in large hand on menus, and generally they were the least expensive items. Today, however, at most French restaurants (for example, Le Lion d'Or at Washington, D.C., Rhapsody at New York, Ma Maison in Los Angeles), the gimmick is to have the captain or waiter simply recite the specials in glowing terms, never mentioning a price. The

## Scan a menu the way you would an insurance policy. Ask rude questions.



charge can be astronomically more than for say dish on the menu. In the same vein, there's no better way to pull in your cash than to find a customer who can't decide, say, whether he wants the terrine de veau or the veau consomme, the terrine de saumon truffe, or the mousses aux deux poissons since none as an appetizer. It's suggested at Le Chaudy in New York that you be served a little of each "just to try," which is fine, except for the possibility that you'll be charged a sapphire. Again, speak up when the waiting waiter asks whether you'd like to sample both the *coiffe-fleur* and the *foie gras*.

Ⓛ Another lucrative convention in luxury restaurants is not to include on menus that main courses are appropriately garnished, thus encouraging customers to order extra vegetables à la carte. Restaurant general don't think twice about serving a dish garnished with cauliflower and as a la carte side order of stuffed mushrooms. When this stand was pulled on me a few years ago at Varni's in San Francisco (they have since changed the menu), I don't think twice about refusing to accept the hopped-up bill.

Ⓛ Beware the question "And would you care for a nice salad?" Beware even more "And would you care for a nice Caesar salad?" These questions are never asked until the customer's meals have been made up, the orders taken, and the menus collected. The psychology is that although Americans are the world's greatest salad lovers, they rarely consider having to pay extra for a real salad. In restaurants, I've been served five in five restaurants where. When the bill arrives and you notice that everybody at the table has been charged \$2.50 for a few lettuce leaves (The Jockey Club in Washington, D.C. gets \$4.50 per person for Caesar salad, while The Four Seasons in New York takes in a dollar more than that for simple baby and watercress), you have only yourself to blame.

Ⓛ One of the biggest tests of anybody's character is the all-American steak house that follows the delicious practice of providing no menu and having the waiter recite what's available without mentioning prices. Most people eating in these blue-chip corporate take for granted that a

prime rib or flat is going to cost them back \$15 or \$16, but what they're really led to suspect is that a substitute of lamb chops, onion rings, or salad for the bread-and-butter complement could easily cost as much as \$32. Measure appetizer. Not are most customers aware (even with a menu) that having a glass of water divided for two can bring a supplementary charge, such as the \$3.00 one at Spazio in New York. It takes nerve to get all this straight in places like R's in Chicago and Kelly's in Dallas.

Ⓛ It's not news that most good restaurants make their greatest profits by charging hefty prices for cocktails, wines, appetizers, and, on the other hand, of course, charge changes in these restaurants that allow customers to bring their own wine and spirits. Normally, the fat (which is rarely explained on menus and wine lists) for opening and serving a client's own wine is about a dollar or so, but when you're an expensive restaurant of 61 La Tiche, as I did at The French Restaurant in the Omni International Hotel in Atlanta, and you could be charged as much as \$5 (especially if the wine is domestic). As for overcharging, you might think you're getting by with something until the day you happen upon a restaurant like Johnny Mac at Bethesda and had to see the owner cornered on the back of the menu.

Ⓛ Cocktails. Charge on. All beverages brought into this building. Another considerable addition to the bill could result when the captain or waiter announces that the rest of wine you ordered is impossible to find. I've seen this tactic used to inform you that the substitute runs \$8 more. Should you prefer a little postprandial Cognac and not specify the brand or ask the price, you could be served something like the Martini Gordon d'Argente that was once served before me at Club Vendôme in Miami in eight bucks a shot—or much worse, the 1860 Pinot that runs an inflated \$80 per bottle at The Palace in New York. So advise you want to be informed for a real and not a mere rest up. Lickety's. Wines & Spirits or learn to quote those who serve you an every room reservation they make.

I know all this sounds elaborate and a bit tedious, but eating out can be a great deal these days, and everyone deserves a vigorous diet. Confronting abuse is never pleasant, but not until you begin demanding a little respect and start with that blessed evening finally arrive when you tell all your friends close to your appearance. Then the only job left in places like Jack's in San Francisco, Chateau in Los Angeles, Galathea in New Orleans, and Le Sec Flot in Philadelphia is being told sorry, the restaurant takes no credit cards. —

*It may be true there's no memory for pain,  
but certainly there's no forgetting  
the pain suffered by someone you love*

# HARD LABOR

*Fiction by Geoffrey Norman*

I was awoken when they pulled up at the hospital. Sandra got out at the front door and sat in a wheelchair that one of the gray ladies pushed through the swinging doors. When she was gone, Calloway drove off to park the car. It was several hundred yards between the parking lot and the hospital and he took it slow. The night air was cool and he felt calm and relaxed. Once he reached the hospital and walked inside, he would not feel this peaceful or alone again for a long time. He was sure of that.

She had wanted the baby, finally, and she had wanted it on her terms. It had to be his hospital because here they would allow the father in the delivery room to share what— even if it came too soon. Which, she said, might be the case. A lot of the women at her family had small babies.

He hadn't been sure about going into the delivery room under any circumstances. The first he'd heard anything about it, they were at dinner. There were eight people at the table in a place that served French food. They were drinking wine and waiting for pieces of shrimp and rice. They had been drinking wine early evening, and the party was loud and noisy out of control. The women and bartender kept a furtive eye on them.

One of the women at the table, the wife of a man Calloway knew from work, asked Sandra if she was going to have natural childbirth.

"Absolutely," Sandra said.

"What method?"

"Lamaze."

"Have you started the classes yet?"

"Not yet." Sandra was two months pregnant at the time.

"How do you feel about it?" the woman asked, looking at Calloway.

"About what?"

"About childbirth."

"Well, I guess if that's what you want. Me, I'd take every painkiller they'd give me. I don't see the utility of pain."

"But what about your part?" the woman said. Even drunk, Calloway could tell she was boring in.

"My part?"

"Going into the delivery room and helping your wife."

"But," Calloway said. "No way."

"What do you mean, 'No way'?" It was Sandra, and she was ready to fight. Calloway could tell from her tone of voice. One of the things he hated most in the world was fighting in public with

Sandra. But she didn't mind it at all, and she knew how much he hated it. That gave her a terrible advantage.

"They don't send me in there," Calloway said as firmly as he could.

"What about me?" Sandra said. "Maybe I send you in there."

"What good would I be?" Calloway said. "I'd just get in the way. Try on a bell."

"You might learn something. Sharing in the experience."

"Oh, come off it, Sandra."

"I've come off it. I don't want to have this baby alone. Women have been having babies alone for too long. It doesn't have to be that way. You ought to want to help."

The other six people around the table had all stopped talking and were looking away or staring at the shocked interaction and poking at hardened candle wax.

Calloway's cheeks were warm and his stomach spasmed. "Okay," he said. "Okay, here."

"No," Sandra said, "not later. Right now. I want to know if you think your part is over once you've gotten me pregnant and rolled off and gone to sleep. Because if you do, I can get an abortion and stop the whole thing."

"That's enough," Calloway said, and even Sandra seemed to know it was. She left the table and went to the bathroom. When she came back, she said she was sick and left. She was crying when Calloway got home.

The next morning he agreed to go through with it, and five months later they enrolled in a Lamaze course.

The classes were held in a church sanctuary. The room was normally used for a kindergarten, and the chairs were all built for three- and four-year-olds. Calloway sat on one and fifth-grader Sandra sat next to him. She was too nervous to notice the chairs.

The instructor arrived and told everybody to sit on the floor. "We'll all feel more comfortable that way," she said, wearing cross-legged herself. "Otherwise, everybody will feel like we're in school, and we don't want that, do we?"

"Can you believe that?" Calloway said under his breath.

"Shut up," Sandra whispered.

There were five other couples in the room. The instructor made them all introduce themselves and say briefly why they had decided to come to Lamaze. The men were all embarrassed and mumbled cryptic answers. Except for one who had a full beard and wasn't five feet three inches tall. He had a deep voice and spoke almost as if he had prepared his speech. Calloway suspected that he had.

"I came here," he said, "because my wife and I believe that the



She wanted to have the baby in this hospital, on her terms. Here they would let the father in the delivery room, no matter what.

experience of having a child should be a shared one. Right from the beginning. The traditional man-woman duality has led to things like someone use of needles, so the women was completely anonymous during delivery—during one of the most meaningful experiences of her whole life. The man, meanwhile, would wait in some smoke-bellied room for the doctor to appear and tell him whether the delivery was successful and what the gender of the child was.

"My wife and I found this separation of roles and taking of one of life's most beautiful experiences and turning it into a mere medical procedure is a blow to everyone's development. The woman's. The man's. The child's. I want to share in the delivery and I want to carry on with the mothering role. That way I hope to establish a deep and loving relationship with the child."

When the men had finished, the maternity said, "Thank you, David. These were very moving words. You've demonstrated exactly what the Lantier experience is about." The women came out shoked and thrumming with emotion.

The instructor was a plump woman with fat cheeks and closely cut hair. She called everybody by first name and named all of them to call her Flo. As the words went on, Calloway grew to hate the woman more and more. She reminded him of the cheerful Red Cross and USO women he was always running into in Vietnam. Never a discouraging word.

She would say things like "Ladies, your bottoms are going to get very sore." Or "If you get behind in your breathing, you lose concentration, you're going to let your idea out, and we all know that you is a real thing." Or "One of the things that makes the Lantier experience so beautiful is sharing." Or "Now, let's all get down on the floor for some slow chest breathing. Ladies, on your backs. Goodies. [he called the men "cuties"], on your knees beneath them."

Sometimes during each session, Calloway would remember the Morningstar girl he'd watched deliver. Especially the way her eyes stayed open through it all. It wasn't bravery so much as the awareness that the pain is unremarkable. That awareness came easy in Vietnam.

The CAF captain who was working over the girl had looked up at Calloway and said, "Lamentation, this slave girl that all you himself and me would look meaning at the back of the ambulance for a stack of towels."

The girl had worked for a minute or two, putting and unputting and sweating. Her expression never changed. She never screamed and her eyes went wide and uncomprehending through it all. The



She practiced slow deep breathing. It felt behind her corporate desecrated the music from the baby's mouth. Then she panted the baby back to the girl, who took a without saying a word or changing her expression.

The captain drove the ambulance out of the stage. While he talked he kept his eyes on the road, which he studied for exposed signs or signs of an ambulance position. Calloway found this teaching. Nobody had yet seen the V.C. more than blew him away.

"You know why we beat fast out of that plane to foot, Lieutenant?"

"What?"

"Cause I didn't want to stay around for the next set as that slow. I just knew that flying dirt, a plane is on the aftermath. Just never from that. And what the hell, maybe she should. Who am I to tell her that she can't? I don't even know why they



The Lantier course was held in a church sanctuary.

said those McGuffins out here. There people have having babies on their own for longer than there has been a Marine Corps. No last school dropout from Iowa is gone told them how to do it any longer.

He passed for a moment and asked the noted road. Then without warning he finished his thought: "You know, I'm getting sick. I been in the Navy for eleven months, and you wouldn't believe some of the shit I have seen. It goes right by me anymore. But I don't believe I could have stayed around and watched her do that all night."

"Even after eleven months as this mother, I can't study for that."

When Flo came to the part about the afterbirth, she turned straightly towards "Now, ladies. After the baby is delivered and the cord is cut, you're going to have to push again. This time to push the afterbirth. The doctor will put in a girl and one of the nurses will get rid of it. You don't have to look at it. It's not very pretty. It looks sort of like liver, but not that good."

"Ask her how it tastes. Calloway whispered.

"Be still," Sandra said.

Later she glared at him and said, "You just can't leave it alone, can you?"

"You mean Flo and the afterbirth?"

"Yes, and you know I do. You've been down on these classes from the beginning. You are always so negative."

"Gonna tell you that?"

"Can't open my nose for anybody else."

"Sandra, you may like that woman... you may even think she is doing a good job. She reminds me of a schoolteacher. I knew one who thought there was no such thing as a bad boy. She believed that anybody could be civilized, so the truth is teach Kears to some of the worst people in the world. It just can't ever go any to happen."

"She knows what she's doing. She keeps doing it, and she's seen a lot of babies."

"That schoolteacher kept teaching Kears after one of her students went to the electric chair."

"She's good and she knows what she is doing. She knows a lot more about it than you do."

She's teaching you some home biology that she could probably get out of most high school textbooks. And she is teaching you some home breathing techniques. Psychokinetics. It's cut-out pops. Or karate."

"It works."

"We'll see."

Sandra was already in a loose hospital gown and giving up on what Calloway needed the outcome. Flashes went. There was a phlegm distention in her throat.

"You want anything?" he asked.

"No night now."

"Want me to rub your back?"

"No, thanks."

He stood by the bed. Waiting. After a few minutes, she started breathing heavily. Working at it. He reached for her hand.

"Don't touch me."

When the girl had passed and she was breathing normally again, she looked at him and said, "I have to concentrate on my breathing. It distracts me when you touch me."

"Okay. Just tell me what you need." He felt like leaving her there and going out for a shower.

For the next two hours she would sit still and silent until, at intervals of five minutes or so, she would begin breathing heavily and regularly for nearly a minute.

At the point passed, she would sit up, sigh, look at him, and smile. He tried to say encouraging things about each attack of breathing and would find her a spoonful of crushed ice.

"It's working," she said, "I mean, a hump and nothing, but a girl's something. I can't stay on my."

"That's good," he said. "Staying in there."

When the nurse checked her after three hours, Sandra asked how it was going.

"Slow," the nurse said. She was strict and rough-handed, one of those nurses who seem to think that pain is a necessary part of every hospital visit.

"You aren't doing much at all," she said to Sandra. "But the labor will pick up. It's your first child."

Sandra seemed to ring a little. "How long do you think?"

"No way of really knowing, honey. Yesterday, one went for twenty-eight hours before they took her out. The OB and did a cesarean. You just keep concentrating on your breathing."

"You're doing fine," Calloway said. "You could do twenty-eight hours standing on your head."

Sandra didn't say anything. She bit her lip and started breathing again.

She hours later, the nurse changed shifts. Calloway straight up with the nurse going off duty. They talked in front of the nurse's station. "Is something wrong back there?" he asked.

"Not necessarily. A lot of them go this way. Especially on the first baby. It isn't normal. But it isn't answered either. If you know what I mean."

"What about some help? For the pain. She's having a hard time."

"She talked with her doctor and they decided no medication except in extreme circumstances. Those are the doctor's orders. It isn't dangerous that," she said weakly. "He'll be in at eight or nine to make her ready to be let out at her then."

"That's four hours."

"The nurse on duty can call him if there is an emergency. In the meantime, this is what the nurse. You might as try to help her."

At dawn, Sandra was crying and weeping. "Please, please." The nurse came and looked at her. She stood by the bed with her long, long hand on Sandra's forehead.

"Okay," she said in Sandra began to breathe with the pain. "Okay. Now just breathe. It's going down now. Gonna drive. Almost gone. There. Now relax. Deep breath."

In the corridor outside Sandra's room, the nurse looked at Calloway and said, "You look worse than the doctor. Why didn't you go get some coffee and get some cold water on your face? I'll look after her. She'll be fine."

Calloway walked down an empty corridor. It was all steel and tile, clean and antiseptic. The closed doors opened momentarily along each wall except to him of suffering. There was agony kept fully and just out of sight of the little circle behind each door. He felt the dread that hospitals always made him feel. The wicked kind of dread. A sense of pain how terribly that the organism really is, of the discomfort of things that could go wrong with it.

He came to a window that looked out on the hospital grounds. The grass was mowed and the hedges had been trimmed. Flower beds were out out of the lawn and were perfectly placed with tulips. There was a small fountain made from polished marble. It all looked like a graveyard, and Calloway was suddenly aware that there was a death waiting for him that day.

Sandra wasn't going to make it. Or maybe the baby would die. Or maybe he would lose both of them. Struggling close in the silent corridor, Calloway was sure of it. He could feel his eyes, already glancing with a film of wetness, well up. He felt an enormous sense of helpless helplessness.

The ache and the dread of having stayed up all night felt suddenly more acute, and he was to find as he had been since the mornings when he would climb out from under a plastic peach, mosquito-bitten and double with cramps, exclaiming somehow, "I've never got scared just like this one. 'Aaaaah,' he said to himself, 'I have got to get myself up here.'"

"Watch your legs." It was a black man with teeth as big as when as Charles. He was carrying a stack of breakfast trays.

"Well, now," he said when Calloway turned around, "you are looking poor. I mean, you looking like you may get pulled through. Like you been rode hard and got up wet."

Calloway smiled. "Bless that load of sight."

"Happen in this place. A little effort might go a ways. You want some?"



Calloway called his exercises "you-see-pain."

"For sure."

"Like you that sag off of the top tray there. If the old dude in room 334 weren't in, I'd let him sit down that had done horrible things."

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it. Say, you want the whole breakfast? You looking like you haven't got anything on your ribs for about three days."

Calloway's stomach and bowels were as on paper. He almost refused the breakfast. Then he remembered he had not eaten since breakfast the day before.

"Thanks again."

"It isn't hardly the Hospital food, don't you know. But you look hungry anyway, so you won't starve."

"I believe I could eat anything right now."

"Well, you help yourself. There's always too many trays at breakfast anymore. I got to go. Good. Finish my meals. You be pershing."

The man went off down the corridor carrying his stack of breakfast trays.

Calloway ate eggs and toast. He left the gravy sausage. Then he drank a glass of juice and a pint of fresh milk. He finished the coffee and felt better.

"Astroble," he said to himself as he walked back to the room where Sandra struggled. "Waiting, wait, wait and feeling sorry for yourself." You might as be home-wounded.

He asked if the doctor had been in yet. The nurse said no, but in another hour certainly.



*Calloway watched, numb and not quite believing. He didn't feel pain. He was anesthetized. The face looked like a badly painted rubber mask. Then the cord was cut. "God," he said.*

"Okay. Let's clean her up a little, then. Give her a sponge bath and get her into a fresh gown. She wouldn't want even a doctor to see her like this."

When they were finished, he sat by Sandra's bed and fed her a few sips of Coca-Cola. "Best machines there is," he said. "This is some of the old hand with the cocaine still in it."

"It really hurts," she said. "It's much worse than I thought it would be."

"You're doing great. It'll be over soon."

"I really want something for the pain. I just can't take it anymore."

"Doctor will be here soon. We'll get you something then."

He stayed close by, holding her hand until the doctor came. In the corridor, the doctor talked to Calloway and the nurse. He was young and thin, wore wire-rimmed glasses and blue-and-gold. Fume roasting shoes.

"Do you think she really needs the medication?" the doctor asked the nurse.

"She wants it," Calloway said. "That's good enough." When he said it, he knew he would never again be intimidated by a doctor. There was that to be said for the whole experience.

The nurse gave Sandra a reminder of Demerol for the pain and an IV of something to speed her labor. Calloway brought some flowers from the shop in the lobby. And some perfume.

By afternoon, Sandra was ready. She was hooked in thick sweat and her hair was matted on her forehead. With each seizure of pain, she would gasp and pant, writhing on the bed with her

fingernails dug into Calloway's palms.

The doctor came back at three and the nurse told him that Sandra was ready. Calloway watched as they helped Sandra up to her elbows. Then with such pain they told her to push. When she pushed she expelled a small black pool of mucus from her nostrils. Calloway felt pure physical compassion for her and wanted it to be over. He remembered the blond-haired girl and her fixed eyes.

Everything was ready in the delivery room. The walls were pale green and all the surfaces were polished steel. There was a cot with storage beneath a large fluorescent lamp.

The baby's head was turned the wrong way. The doctor said that maybe they should think about a cesarean.

"Oh, God," Sandra said. "After all this?"

"Take a step," Calloway said. "What are the alternatives?" he asked the doctor.

"I could give her a spinal and try to make the baby out with forceps. If it doesn't work, we can still go down to the OR and do a C-section."

"Do it," Sandra said.

The needle was as long as a pencil. It went in right at the bony knob in the small of Sandra's back. The doctor worked it around like a probe, then against the fluid.

"I can't feel a thing," Sandra said a few minutes later.

"Good," the doctor said. "Then he went to work. Calloway watched, numb and not quite believing, as the doctor painted some kind of colorless-colored anaesthetic over Sandra's unshaved groin. Then he made an incision between her vagina and her rectum. Then he picked up his stainless steel forceps. They were shaped like shoe horns and looked like ice trays. There was a head click when the doctor joined them at the fulcrum.

He inserted the forceps and began working them like pliers. He could have been trying to dislodge a stubbornly bent nail. Blood seeped from the incision. Darker and more focused blood than anything Calloway had seen in twenty-five years of housing and one year of war.

Sandra was thoroughly numb below the waist. When a labor began again, the nurse would push on her stomach and the doctor would twist and tug on the forceps. Between the contractions, the forceps dangled from her like discarded tools. Calloway held Sandra's hands tightly, for his sake more than hers. He didn't feel fear. He was overwhelmed.

The head appeared, bloody and black. The face looked like a badly painted rubber mask. Then the entire body was outside and the cord was cut and the baby was off to one side, on a table where the doctor worked at close the pastings.

"God," Calloway said.

**A**n hour later Sandra was out of the delivery room. She looked spent, but her face, which showed no sign of pain or struggle for the first time in twenty-four hours, shook Calloway like an unexpected wave. "You look great," he said.

"I wish I could say I felt that way."

"You'll come around. You've got three days here. Take a nap. Let them wash you. You owe it to yourself."

"Okay. How do you feel now?"

"Nausea."

"Go home. Let me sleep and let me think. Then come back tomorrow."

"It'll be here first thing."

"No need to hurry. Get some sleep."

The air was like a shower on the stale, dirty skin. He drove slowly, stopping to pick up a pizza and some beer. He walked through the house, room by room, until he came to the nursery. Sandra had spent hours getting it ready. There were cartoons of key size figures on the walls and stuffed animals sitting on the shelves. There was a clean white crib and a bassinet draped with lace. Calloway looked down at the baby clothes Sandra had bought. Everything felt small and frail. He went on to the bedroom. He had taken off his clothes, and with the hard sunlight coming through the curtains, he fell on to the bed and into a deep, quiet sleep. 31



## Hanging On (By a Jockstrap)



*They're known as the Marlboro men of the East.*

## To Tradition At Dartmouth

The tradition, that is, of the male chauvinist pig

by Andy Merton

**O**n a late spring evening last year, several Dartmouth College men drove from their fraternity house in Hanover, New Hampshire, to the William Tully House restaurant in White River Junction, Vermont, five miles away. The Tully House, which signs the area's bus station, is a large cedar block building, white with a red roof, tucked behind a Motel station at the intersection of Interstates 89 and 91. The men were seniors who would graduate shortly. They were in a jovial mood. Anything was possible.

At about the same time, a woman in her late thirties or early forties, traveling alone, arrived at the Tully House on a bus. She had ridden up from somewhere in the South to attend a daughter's graduation from another school in the north. She had a history of mental problems and was on leave from a medical residence in order to attend the ceremony.

Later, the Dartmouth students were to claim that the woman had approached them.

What happened next has been established beyond doubt. The man drove the woman to Hanover, to their fraternity house on

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Webster Avenue—Fraternity Row—and performed various sexual acts with her. In fraternal fashion, they shared her with their brother. Then they passed her along to a neighboring house for seconds. Followed by drinks at another house. To take the memory of this series of events, certain men of Dartmouth introduced light bulbs and fire extinguishers into the action. When campus security officers found the woman, she was wandering down Webster Avenue wearing only a Dartmouth T-shirt.

Professor of English James Epkenroed cited this incident toward the end of a stirring speech to the Dartmouth faculty last November 6. Epkenroed, a slim, balding man whose mountainside and steady-toned full beard are mostly gray, is a Shakespeare scholar who loves hockey and who resembles people when he lectures. On this occasion, he was speaking in support of his own proposal to urge the college's board of trustees to abolish fraternities from the Dartmouth campus. Epkenroed made five charges against the Greek system.

□ It perpetuates racial stereotypes. Blacks and other minorities are not encouraged to join.

□ It is sexist by definition. It is destructive behavior is common and is encouraged. Theft and vandalism are frequent.

□ It is anti-intellectual. Those who study, who come to the college to reach their minds (rather than to have a good time and

*Left: A woman crosses the Dartmouth Green. None of the students in these photographs is directly reported on in this article.*

*Photographs by Bob Adelman*

JUNE 19/1974/ESQUIRE 97



The chariot race is a major event during Green Key Weekend, a traditional celebration held each spring. Students preceded by pipers, jacks, and lanterns pull a float broker around the Dartmouth Green while spectators yell their wish-eggs, cheer, and wave balloons.

## Dartmouth protects its students from downward mobility—no matter how inept they may be.

make social connections, are scorned.

It is a drug culture—and the drug is alcohol. Heavy drinking is the norm, and the conviction of drunkenness is used to justify vandalism and other antisocial behavior.

It is a secret. It is inherently secret. Almost all the fraternities exclude women from membership. And the Greek system is aggressively, offensively sexist. Women walking along Fiskeville Row have to hear obscene proposals, especially after dark, and women at fraternity parties are often scorned, ridiculed, and physically intimidated. Brothers who take their dates to their houses are often regarded later to give play-by-play descriptions of what went on.

It is the charge of sexism that probably had the most impact on the faculty, which, at the conclusion of the debate, voted 67-16 for Egge's proposal. Later, the board of trustees voted not to shield the fraternities but to place them on probation and to monitor their activities carefully. Since November 6, Dartmouth has been in the national spotlight, with news reports comparing the fraternity scene at Hanover to the movie *Animal House*, written in part by Dartmouth alumnus Chris Miller.

But the problems of Dartmouth only began with the fraternities. There are many who charge that it is not just the Greeks that the entire college that is racist, sexist, homophobic, neo-fascist!

The problem, says Roger D. Masters, professor of government,

has its roots in social class. Dartmouth, he says, far from promoting the upward social mobility for which Americans and sons of higher learning are renowned, protects those fortunate enough to have been born to the elite—but is, rich, white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, and anti-Asian downward mobility, no matter how inept they may be.

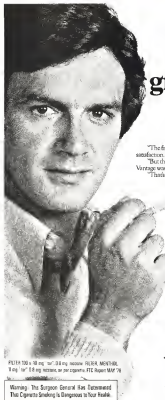
For many years, this arrangement was institutionally sacrosanct—that is, until the mid-1960s. Dartmouth's student body, faculty, and administration were virtually 100 percent male, almost 100 percent white, predominantly Anglo-American and First United, and usually possessed of at least some inherited wealth.

In the spring of 1966, the first crisis was made in Dartmouth's masculine solidarity. Two women joined the faculty.

In the academic year 1970-71, for the first time, female students came to the campus—about 75 of them—but they were exchange students, there for a year. They were not members of the Dartmouth community. They were guests.

In September 1972, the first true women of Dartmouth arrived. There were 150 of them—freshmen, mostly, members of the class of '76. Their welcome was not warm. In the twilight hours, fraternity men frequently surrounded their dormitory and teased them with obscenity. Their rooms were broken into and vandalized. They were given a exclusive, colorful (in local, obscure spelling of spelling, a thick-skulled American class, the suit name as a derogatory reference to female genitalia). During the next few years, as women joined each incoming freshman class, their numbers increased, but the situation did not change.

The spring of 1975 was a particularly bad time for the women. That year, a controversial prize was awarded. Every year the fraternities hold a competition called Hanes, in which each submits an original song. One of the winners—sung to the tune of "The Old Mac"—was like this:



# 'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy."

"But then I tried Vantage. Finally I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers."

"I think because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked."

"For me, switching to

Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

*Phil Gaudette*  
Press Account  
New York City News York



## Vantage

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11 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





Members of Dartmouth dress up for their annual traditional event. Freshmen and their more musical seniors in the singing competition, the point of which is to be as outrageous as possible. The lyrics of a controversial song written in 1977 are included below.

## Women at Dartmouth were given a nickname: cohogs. The men serenaded them with obscenities.

Our cohogs, they play us  
They're all here to spoil our fun  
Chorus

With a back-slash, paddy-whack,  
Send the ladies home  
Our cohogs go to bed alone

Our cohogs, they play us  
They all have to split to pee  
(Chorus)

Our cohogs, they play us  
They all love their Jiv-Rapp dolls  
(Chorus)

Our cohogs, they play us  
They have named our masculine heroes  
(Chorus)

There was one verse. Maybe more. Carol W. Brown, then dean of the college, judged this song one of the most obscene and original to be entered in the contest. (Brown left Dartmouth that year, eventually to become president of Radcliffe College, a women's school in Virginia.)

About a year ago, a filmed record of the Dartmouth "insolence events" became available locally, for public viewing. David Thomson, an Englishman who teaches film at Dartmouth, said the members of his class to produce short movies, and one student, a senior named Nick Stannington, responded with a piece about his fraternity. Screen Alpha Epsilon. Thomson ran it, along with twelve other student films, at a showing open to the college.

community. About 123 people attended. Thomson asked them to write brief, anonymous comments. Here are some of the things the students said about Stannington's work.

"Disgusting, and low pornography."

"Discipline—a major achievement. The shoddy camera work and lighting looks intentional and is just right."

"You guys are sick!"

"More. Careful show of brutality. Stay away from me."

"Could have been a Nixon concentration camp. Very disturbing. Very successful documentary."

Thomson says there is a lot of nakedness in the film and a lot of crudeness. There is, for example, a game of naked Pong-Pong. There is a scene in which the brothers have filled a basement room with about six quarts of water and are waiting in it, some without pants on the floor. But these are not the scenes that disturbed Thomson. What really got to him were the Hall Night scenes, in which pledges are induced into the fraternity. One scene involved several freshmen lying naked on their stomachs, a pledge, his head shaved, came into the room with a hot dog in his mouth. The pledge eventually dipped the hot dog into the anus of each brother. There was, says Thomson, "self-abuse, homosexual harassment." "What should have been, he says, were 'the freshmen, who had had their heads shaved, waiting to go through. There was a bad look of fear on their faces.'"

With women, particularly women they do not know, the behavior of the men of Dartmouth is often equally crude. Judy Aronson is a freshman from Miami, Florida. Her father is a Dartmouth alumnus. Judy came to Dartmouth because she thought she could get one of the best liberal arts educations in the country.

During her first weekend on campus, Aronson and a girl friend went to some of the open house parties the freshmen independently held. While Judy walked in the door of one house, she felt an arm on her shoulder. She turned away, but the drunken student would not let go. Eventually, she outmaneuvered him and got away. She has not been back at a fraternity since then. "I had



## NEW FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE DATSUN 310. 39 REASONS WHY YOU MUST TEST DRIVE IT.

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At the end of a particularly energetic dance, students tumble against one another into a pile on the ground. It's all in good fun, but such behavior reinforces one of the charges made against the fast system by professor of English James Apperson: It is anti-intellectual.

### "If you're having a good time, you get drunk; if you're not, you get drunk."

always dealt with men on a much more human level," she says. "Here, everything is sexual. The men blame the girls [I] 3 men for every woman on campus. They say, 'You don't know how tough it is to be a man here. They say women are prima donna.' For the same thing, Judy Apperson is staying away from men—but because she is a prima donna but because she is afraid. She is not at all sure she wants to go through another three years at Dartmouth. "It's very serious," she says. She is taking her energy into feminist politics, something she never thought about doing before coming to Hanover.

Variations on this story are common at Dartmouth. "Someone tried to commit on me this year," says Paula Sharp, a senior who has become an outposts feminist. Another woman tells of having been at a party where the brothers appeared in shirts and ties—and nothing else. A third tells of her roommate, a freshman who volunteered to serve as a barmaid at a fraternity party, coming home covered with vomit and beer. Recently one of the deans at the college, Warner B. Trumbull, who is also the college chaplain, published a pamphlet on the same entitled "Boys Will Be Boys," in which he quoted from a letter written by a female student (who has since withdrawn from school) to her father:

Friday night—everyone and I mean everyone—goes out to the bar and gets really drunk. It is totally acceptable to have a good time in a driveway if you're sober because the things you observe really turn you out. At first, it is of the girls out to pick up a guy, girl, girl, and get me laid with her. And the sad thing is that they have so little self respect that they will tell all their "brothers" about that rule—in most cases, really trivial—experiences in great detail. Now comes the word part:

those guys are not having sex—they're very nice, sometimes quite sensitive and if you asked they are wherever in their disgust and get later on they'll run around and do it to someone else. They are not sucked into it. They do it to survive. The freshmen come here with their two girlfriends with you and every year they treat themselves into a world no one else likes—40 to be accepted as something they despise. (By the way, in case you were wondering what happened to the other 14 of the guys, they have now "hooked"—thrown up—apparently a manifestation of "madness.") This may sound understandable to you, but you cannot believe how much this college centers around alcohol. If you're having a good time, you get drunk. If you're not, you get drunk.

Why do so many Dartmouth men take such a cavalier attitude toward women? Part of the answer lies in the geography of Dartmouth College.

At the corner of the campus in the Greens, a large rectangle of lawn with many paths crisscrossing it. At the south end of the Greens are the Blacore Inn and the Maplem Center for the Arts; at the north end is the imposing, sprawling Baker Library. To the east and west are dormitories, offices, buildings full of classrooms, auditoriums, and laboratories. Just to the south of the campus is the small business district of Hanover, and outside the town lies plenty of open space.

However, life in the upper Connecticut River Valley, surrounded by farmlands and forests (The surface of New Hampshire is still 88 percent wooded.) Fifty miles northeast are the White Mountains of New Hampshire; fifty miles west are the Green Mountains of Vermont. There are no big cities within easy driving distance. Hanover is 170 miles away. Manchester, 180. New York, 265. Dartmouth itself is the cultural center of the region. It is also the entertainment center, and for many years, the fraternities have constituted the only social outlets for the students.

Unlike students at most other Ivy League schools—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Penn. Brown—Dartmouth students are separated by long distances from the complexities and opportunities of an urban setting. There are few black people, neither

## WOULD AN IMPOSTER RULE, OR WOULD REASON?



You need a double-breasted business suit. Look for the Hagggar name in left to right: importers, your cost and lightweight suits of Toluca Dacron/polyester and worsted wool. Gathered's reputation of 100% Toluca Dacron/polyester, Superbrush® superwool, a blend of cotton and polyester, or wool.

There was tension in the air as the Doctor spoke. "I say," he piped, "this is a mystery. Each man claims to be the real prince of Belgravia. And each is so well dressed, all must have princely fortunes."

"Well dressed, yes," replied the sleuth. "But not necessarily wealthy. Have you forgotten that Hagggar makes fine men's fashions at affordable prices? I dare say these are all Hagggar outfits."

"But how can you tell?" his friend babbled in astonishment. "Elementary," said the sleuth, studiously relighting his pipe. "I simply glanced at the labels inside their coats."

**HAGGAR**

Looking good makes you feel good.



A group of men and women rally during a protest on campus. In 1976, Dartmouth's board of trustees placed the frats on probation.

## Frats are offensively, aggressively sexist: Women on Fraternity Row are ridiculed and intimidated.

New England is one of the whitest regions in the United States. There are poor people, but aside from urban centers, they are widely scattered and easy to overlook. Outside Hanover, there is no gay community within a 100-mile radius. There is little in the way of ethnic diversity, the region's only identifiable minority group, French Canadians, is concentrated in Berlin and Manchester, each more than an hour drive from Hanover.

"The community outside our gates is important," says Dean Warner Trayshaw. "It exerts no influence on us. Harvard and Columbia must respond to pressures from the cities which surround them; they have been forced to become more socially responsible. We have not. Dartmouth is a compound. The rules inside are not the same as the rules outside. The administration likes to have jurisdiction." It is not difficult to see why Dartmouth students may have a gut feeling that they are not welcome from outsiders.

The geography also has a direct effect on the type of student that chooses Dartmouth over its name when Ivy League competitors. The son of Dartmouth are the Marlboro son of the East. Dartmouth is a job school and an outdoorsman's school. Almost everybody plays something. Almost everybody runs or skis or canoe or climbs or hikes. That Dartmouth men tend to be mischievous is a legitimate statement, according to the school's self-proclaimed president, John Kennedy. Not for them the pompous moral consciousness of the upper middle-class urban male. They work hard. They play hard. When Dartmouth was an all-male school, they either hosed women in on weekends or piled into cars for the long road trips to South or Mount Holyoke or Wellesley, women's schools two or three hours distant. Either way, women Monday

even, the women were gone and there was no one around to dispute the tall tales or to rebuke the masculine caricatures. Leasing Lemont, author of the recently published book *Clampus Shock*, takes a jaunt by four views of the state of things on the college campuses of America today and views Dartmouth—specifically Dartmouth's resident women—at a special case. When other Ivy League schools, such as Harvard and Brown, formally came on-line, he notes, at least there were nearby sister colleges—Radcliffe and Pembroke—whose students had been part of the college consciousness prior to the merger. "But Dartmouth had nothing—no sister school, no women's college nearby [Colby-Sawyer College, a four-year school for women, is the nearest, thirty miles away]. It was a place with a wild and woolly history, a unique, once a year, the guys would come out of the wild and grab women, seduce, violate, and drag them back to the campus." Things have gotten considerably better, says Lemont, "but as one of the women said to me, 'you are always being pushed to the limit' by the males at Dartmouth."

Road trips still go on. The buses of women from other colleges—called "—trucks by some fraternity men—still occasionally discharge their passengers in front of the Hanover Inn on Friday afternoons. But there are also resident women now, even as who won't go away on Sunday evening.

Their numbers are increasing. This year's freshman class had 715 men, 315 women. Recent admission policy increased the number of women by fifteen and decreased the number of men by fifteen in each succeeding class. But beginning next year, admissions will be "sex blind" and all applicants will be treated as part of a single pool. Finally, the male bastion is crumbling. But the all-male must, all-where fraternity remains the strongest social idea on campus. One significant reason is the academic calendar on which Dartmouth operates.

It is a calendar that was adopted in 1971 in order to accommodate the increased number of students that year—when women were added, men were not subtracted—and it is a calendar that



Four coaches get diverted and lost when they block the protesters when they were too close to the porch on which Hanover takes place.

significantly guarantees that after freedom past, no two students will spend more than six consecutive months on campus simultaneously.

The semester is called the Dartmouth Plan. Instead of the two traditional semesters and a summer session, the year is divided into four ten-week quarters, separated by two- or three-week vacation periods. During each quarter, about 75 percent of all Dartmouth students are on campus, while the rest are either on vacation or studying off campus. Freshmen entering in September must spend the first three quarters on campus and then, to graduate in the regular four years, must spend only eight of the next twelve quarters on campus. In any order. When any student—even one who has been gone for only one quarter—returns to school, his or her old dormitory room will no longer be available, and some of the friends he or she has made may have been scattered to other dorms all over the campus. Or they will be off campus themselves. A semester disorients, four times a year.

The result is that the fraternities and sororities (there are two sororities, but neither has a house of its own) provide the strongest strand of social continuity in an atmosphere of flux and instability. Which may be why 51 percent of all apprehensions still belong to them.

"Fraternities come to Dartmouth and they're nasty and kind and decent," says David Kuttan, a young professor of English who belongs to the college committee on student and conduct. "They get into fraternities and they don't become better people. They become worse. It's the line of least resistance. For the male WASP class, it's easy. There's no challenge. It's a homogeneous society. The male who goes into fraternities grows less during their four years here than anyone else. It's the women and the blacks, the ones who struggle, who grow the most."

But women and blacks threaten tradition. And tradition at Dartmouth does hold.

On March 8 of this year, classes at Dartmouth were canceled while students and faculty gave speeches and held workshops

concerning the sexism, racism, and other problems plaguing the institution. On March 8, The New York Times carried a brief account of the proceedings that included the following paragraph:

Judy Aronson, speaking for women students, who made up about one-third of the undergraduate enrollment, urged more vigorous recruiting of minority women. Experience of the women's studies program, they say, has been equal financing for women and men a cafeteria and a review of all tenure demands for the next two years at Dartmouth.

On March 10, Judy Aronson received in the mail an envelope postmarked San Francisco. It contained a copy of the Times story with the word "Why" scrawled next to the paragraph quoted above. Typed below the story was the following note:

Dear Ms. Aronson:

Hope you are happy with this, you wonderful bitch. You have done a terrific disservice to Dartmouth, especially during a capital last year. And to think we started down over eight women to get you.

If you don't like the place, go out!

A [redacted] student

(Actually, Dartmouth accepts about 20 percent of those women who apply.)

John Kennedy, the president of Dartmouth College, read the note that Judy Aronson had received from "A [redacted] student" and looked up sadly. "This is the first one I have seen that is this bad recently," he said.

Kennedy, an intellectual who has written thirteen books, is not a man of small talk. He speaks fearfully, with a mild Bertramsian accent. "The way I'd tell it," he says, "people like to read bad things more than they like to read good things." He talks about some of the many good things at Dartmouth: the quality of the teaching ("The instructor still puts teaching as the number one criterion for the faculty"), the school's pioneering use of the computer ("We were the first to open up the computers for general use"), the evening language program ("Sixty percent of our students go overseas—more than any other Ivy League school")



During Golden Key Weekend, a student wearing the Sigma Psi Delta fraternity banner comes on in the Dartmouth quest for civility.

Kennedy also appears to care deeply about the problems of the women on campus, both students and faculty. One of two male faculty members who were judged to be "acting improperly" with female students have been dismissed, he says. And the school does punish students who are deemed to have acted in an unacceptable manner toward women—but it is difficult to get somebody to come forward with a charge.

The problems of women are not limited to Dartmouth's Fraternity Row. And according to Boston University professor of sociology Joseph Helwig, Dartmouth's "period of adjustment" is an exaggerated version of something that is going on at college campuses across the country as a result of changes in what Helwig terms the "sexual marketplace." The rules, he says, are being altered. Women are finding it possible to be more demanding than ever before, and men, exposing one thing and getting another, often become confused and hostile.

Helwig, who is working in touch with the working title *The Political Economy of Sexuality*, says the women's movement, by providing women with a base of emotional support, has made it possible for them to deal with men and with their own sexual needs in a variety of ways. This seems particularly true on college campuses, where the women are young, bright, and living in the company of one another.

If a woman does not like the traditional scenario in which she is paired with one man who is more interested in sex than in an emotional involvement, she may now choose from at least three other options, explains Helwig. She may withdraw from the "marketplace" altogether, the signs of not having a boyfriend or a boyfriend might date is not as strong as it once was. Or she may become more sexually assertive—with one or more male partners. Or she may enter into a homosexual relationship "without actually developing a gay identity." Simply because a woman's sexual ties with other women may be more satisfactory than those with men, "the possibility of such a relationship may come up." It is a

## Dartmouth's time of adjustment is an exaggeration of campus activity across the country.

scenario, all three of these options may be thought of as actually alternative in that the woman who chooses any one of these is not necessarily accepting the traditional female role. And any of these choices can be threatening to men.

Helwig teaches a course at BU called "Sexuality and Social Life," which has an enrollment of 320. The women in the class have told him that when they become sexually assertive with a man, he often becomes anxious and develops "anxiety problems." At the moment, Helwig says, college men are in "an awkward position." While he acknowledges the offensiveness, even violence, behavior of some of the men of Dartmouth, these actions should not be interpreted as justification for such behavior. It is no use to be a confused and frustrated adolescent male, but the male who can be angry at an attitude for pushing women is most likely to be the coverage of human sexuality.

Dartmouth's period of adjustment is a long way from over. Women at Dartmouth are just now becoming strong enough to provide effective support for one another. There is, for example, a new organization, Dartmouth Women's Alliance (formerly Women at Dartmouth), which had the unfortunate acronym WAD. The alliance has about sixty members and several hundred sympathizers. Because it is the first viable sign of women's strength and solidarity, the alliance has been the subject of some sexual attacks including a cartoon in the campus newspaper depicting the alliance as a society people wandering from hypnotist to hypnotist.

Professor of history Maryna Navarra was first to teach at Dartmouth in April 1969. She was one of the first two women to become a full-fledged faculty member, with the opportunity for advancement and tenure. A clerk and strategy handbook writer of Benigno district, she had been living in New York, teaching at New York State College and Brooklyn College, when she left to come from Dartmouth. "I was very scared coming here," she says. "I had just gotten a divorce, and I had an eight-year-old child." When she arrived, the campus was in turmoil, a group of students were seen to be carrying for occupying a building to protest against the Vietnam War.

People kept attacking Maryna Navarra for a secretary. And they persisted in their belief when she told them she was a professor. "No, you're not," they would say. "Where is he?" "Where is your husband?" she would say. "I'm a woman—after being depicted formerly in the election of men—it cannot be done without some pain," she says. "The administration has tried to make the transition as painless as possible, but there has been suffering. There has also been progress. In 1973, there were not enough women and there were no support systems if you wanted to go along, you either accepted completely or you isolated yourself."

"Now, through their strength, the women have become activists. This is my explanation for what is happening on this campus now. I think it is very healthy. Instead of being dismissed, we should be encouraged."

The changes are visible. As the number of women increases, it becomes harder and harder for the men to isolate themselves. Most of Dartmouth's dormitories are now co-ed with men and women either on alternating floors or on alternating sides. (Although about 1,500 Dartmouth men belong to fraternities, only 400 live in the houses, the men live in dorms.) Alternatives to fraternities are becoming available. There is, for example, a new student center with a dance floor, a cafeteria with beer and more available, conference rooms, and quiet corners for study or conversation. In use is increasing. And there is a Play House. Play House is on Fraternity Row, and technically it is a fraternity—but only technically. There are major differences be-



At the end of March, women gather for an informal celebration. They are just becoming strong enough to feel that they can effectively support one another. "Women have become activists," one female professor says. "It is very healthy. We should be encouraged."

tween Play House and other fraternities. It is, for example, co-ed. And the atmosphere is more Greenham Village conference than formal Row. There is no pledging period, no hazing, nothing so formal as membership. It is simply a group of people who enjoy one another's company. Also, Play House has a real kitchen and a food co-op, while many of the other fraternities have only bars. And the women are more likely to be in at 5:00 than men or men, particularly on Friday nights, when student musicians come in for just sessions.

The women who live at Play House tend to be feminists, while the men tend to be fraternity dropouts with solid consciences—like Allen Grossman, formerly of Sigma Nu, the Zook, which is directly across the street from Play House. Though he quit Sigma Nu, Grossman, the son of two Chicago doctors, has been mentioned before because of the resemblance of his physique to the senator's. "I get sick on impulse my freshman year," he says, remembering roughly. "I enjoyed breaking windows. I enjoyed having caules. Destroying furniture was a spontaneous activity. The year before I joined, they burned three places. I got together with some guys from House (another fraternity) and we stole a keg. From a tanker bus, of course."

But then I made friends with people who weren't involved with fraternities, and it occurred to me that I'd never want to take them into the house I loved so. That got me thinking.

"Of course," Grossman says, looking around Play House, "there's great pressure here too. It's hard to be for nuclear power, Dartmouth's investments in South Africa. And if you're not, you get regarded a lot."

Even within the fraternities themselves, there are signs of change. At Sigma Alpha Epsilon, the hosts of the notorious dormitory, there have been reforms—outside other fraternity standards, the SAE Alpha no longer allows women who have been indicted by SAE men, for example. Senior Ken Zehner, a former SAE president who is tall, dark, and has a hairy, Ben Narnath type of an appeal, says: "This is part of the transition of

Dartmouth going co-ed. Now if some girl is named in the Winter, someone is likely to say, 'Hup, that's my friend!' Zehner concludes, "That's why Dartmouth should go co-ed faster."

SAE is actually one of the more modern fraternities at Dartmouth. Professor David Thomson warns against judging the house on the basis of its film. "If you walked into my Hazing Two at midnight and opened all the doors, what you see would shock a lot of people. But to the people who are there, in the context of their lives, it's not shocking." The SAE house is a block away from Fraternity Row. There is a library/study room on the third floor, and on any given weekday there is study in the study room. And the hooded perform some good works—they regularly take tans visiting residents of an area nursing home, for example.

But Barbaux, of Kappa Kappa Kappa, another modern house, says: "It's unfortunate that some of the campuses have made Theta Delta (Theta Delta Chi, also known as the House-Boon League) not to be representative of the system." Theta Delta Chi, along with Sigma Nu, Kappa Sigma, Phi Delta Alpha, and one or two others, is still unambiguously racist. But in the others, there are bits of progress. "We're moving to provide a multicultural group," says Andy Sullivan, current toast chairman of Kappa Kappa Kappa, who adds that the college song is hardly any anymore. "When I got here, in the good old days when unambiguously always flying through windows, Dartmouth guys were looked down upon for going out with Dartmouth girls. Now fifteen of us [at just six-five] are going out more or less steadily with them."

Barbaux and Sullivan add, however, that they are not ready to give up the special quality of the relationships formed in a totally masculine environment. "There is something to the male camaraderie business, and it may irritate some of the women here," says Sullivan.

Later, Barbaux says thoughtfully, "There is a faint glow that it is becoming difficult to be a white male at Dartmouth."

# Keeping Dad Happy

Sixty-six gifts your father might not think of buying for himself

**H**is day is coming up June 17. Lucky for you, that's not only Father's Day but nearly the beginning of summer—the time when you and Dad are both in the mood for something a little jaunty. It will do you good to search out a gift for him that is upbeat and fresh—some carefree apparel, for instance, or a new item for his sport or hobby, for indoors or out. He'll be happy you took the trouble.



**SLEEP** The Technics ES-5603 three-head cassette deck (above left) is designed to handle the new metal tape, which offers wider dynamic range and lower distortion. \$450. Sony's quartz lock digital tuner, the ST-740 (below left), allows precise tuning of up to eight different stations. Additionally, it offers manual tuning or auto tuning that scans the FM scale for the next available station. \$400. Make six cups of espresso in a stainless steel coffee maker (top center) designed by Michael Sapper. The seven-and-one-quarter-inch-high pot is \$85 at The Museum of Modern Art Shop, 31 West Fifty-third Street, New York, New York 10019. Balgou's fit and handsome sterling silver and silver with eighteen-karat-gold pens (top right) consist of a Flair felt tip model, \$110 to \$145 at Balgou, New York. In this sculptural chess set, the beautifully (bottom right) and reasonably (center picture) of the pieces are as great a challenge as the game itself. The limited-edition, nickel-plated brass set is represented in The Museum of Modern Art's design collection and is available from the sculptor, Charles G. Perry, Shore Haven Road, East Norwich, Connecticut 06005, for \$450.



**ACTIVE** The slightly iridescent button-down shirt (left) is from the French Connection No. 2, \$20 at Bloomingdale's, New York, and Macy's, San Francisco. Toss it with three Hawaiian shorts from Peck & Dwyer, \$60 at Jule's Fifth Avenue, New York, and MacysField Bikes, Los Angeles. The low-spooling terry cloth pullover (top center) is created exclusively for Aloha's, New York. Jersey jogging shorts are \$9 at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, and Jordan Marsh, Boston. Designer Ron Chernick's terry cloth V-neck pullover with plastic knee pads (right) Each at \$30 at L. Napkin, San Francisco, and Rick's, Atlanta. Their new possessions include (left to right) professional Hoban bicycle locks, \$79.90 the set from Hammerhead Schleimann, New York. With Nautica, Eamly's super-8 camera, you can film above or below water. \$470 at camera shops. The stainless steel "harp" Thermos, \$65, keeps liquid hot or cold and also pumps it up into your cup, write: Horned Corporation, 25 Alderman Avenue, Island Park, New York 11518, for nearest store. The Speedo-Peaco Speed-More System lets divers talk and listen to each other at distances of up to 300 yards and depths of 300 feet; with communication tank, it's \$197.50 at scuba diving shops. The Dumas Mini-System and reel swims in a glove compartment or suitcase bag. The five-piece Minicore-Gold system with line and custom case is about \$50; the two-piece Managum rod and reel is about \$40 at stores selling fishing tackle. Portable stainless steel hot/cold beer is \$80 from: Balgou-Hofbauer at Harris Rendell, New York. Maheraiah's La Point graphic water ski is \$295 at sporting shops.



## RUGGED

For beach lovers who need shelter from the wind and sun, the Moschel screen comes in orange, yellow, or green nylon. Made in Germany, it folds into a twenty-eight-inch-long by six-inch-diameter water-proof shoulder bag. \$26 (plus \$3.50 shipping), from Japoco Corporation, PO Box 6428, Chicago, Illinois 60680. The return of the western shirt makes this season a big one for contemporary men. Western apparel becomes increasingly important for revivals of all ages, and fashions are certainly entitled to sportswear shirts for the summer '79. The Montecito shirt (shown right) is \$16 at Shilline's, Cincinnati; the May Company, Los Angeles; Diller's, San Antonio; Jackson, skirts, pants, and ties are traditional. Fisher's Day shirts, but today's new crop of sportswear sportswear appears to be anything but traditional, just as today's fashions are different from their predecessors. Some of the best of the new separates include (bottom left) Harbor Master's poplin jacket, \$60, which folds down into its own pouch, available at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, and Thorne, El Paso; Jean-Paul Gaultier's linen shirt, \$60, and linen pants, \$85, at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas; Marshall Field, Chicago; and L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; a Skip Van by Joel Shokronsky tie at Charrier, New York; and Macy's, New York. Adults update the short jacket (bottom center) in an indigo denim blend with padded shoulders

that lend a strong Voltage to Fisher's figure. \$35 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Abraham and Strauss, New York; Macy's, San Francisco. Linen pants are \$35 at G. Fox & Company, Hartford, and Macy's, Pittsburgh. Allentown, double-breasted shirt is from Aaron, \$16 at Macy's, New York; Gaultier's, New York; the May Company, Los Angeles; Hahn's, Detroit; Hahn's, Cleveland; Jodie's, Dallas; Trussardi's, Florence. The Vicky Davis tie is at Bloomingdale's, New York; The Broadway Department Store, Los Angeles; the Outrigger, Atlanta; Paulson, Inc., Denver; Franklin, Miami. There's nothing unusual about the colors for summer sportswear '79, as American designer Jeff Sepp shows by known with this evening-jacket and pants combination (shown bottom right) for the French firm that bears his name. Jacket, \$160, and pants, \$116, are available at Albers's, New York; and Macy's, San Francisco. McMane's tie is at Albers's and Charrier, New York.



## SPORTY

These season shorts (top left) have specially designed elasticized back panels to keep them tucked in and maintain in place. The shorts and shirt are each \$50 at Tonie & Company, New York. Amazing! Mark-inspired sportswear (top center) includes a suit set short from Jean-Paul Gaultier, \$60 at Bloomingdale's, New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Hilt, Tulsa. These leather belt is shown with a gold diamond-encrusted western buckle, \$7.99 at Lempert Jewellers, San Francisco, Hawaii. Dad can carry his gear in the official 1980 Olympic team bag (bottom), which will be used by all the athletes. It's \$28 (50% over) of which is a contribution to the United States Olympic Committee at Macy's, New York; The Emporium, San Francisco; Coleman's, Houston; and all J. C. Penney stores.

Marshall Field in Chicago; Japoco in Philadelphia, Iowa with a rugged, reversible, leather-to-people vest from Europa Sport, \$100 at Bloomingdale's and Albers's and Strauss, New York; and Justin Marsh, Boston. They're worn with Calvin Klein's western jeans, \$37 at Bloomingdale's, New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Hilt, Tulsa. The gold-encrusted jeans are from A. T. & Company, \$35 at Barney's, New York; Chant's, Los Angeles; Gordin, San Francisco. Suspenders are by Road Street. Dangling from his neck are Nike's 7000 Windblock tennis shoes, \$30 at tennis shops across the country. The Kryptonite bicycle lock is his hand comes with a special \$3.99 warranty. Made of plastic-coated steel, it comes in a number of colors and is \$26 at bicycle shops in larger version for motorcycles is also available. For the more formal security occasion, a shirt from Bill Blass for After Six (top right), \$40 at



## SOPHISTICATED

Summer dressing means shirt apertures. The silk shirt Oberon is updated by a soft rounded collar, and the total look is completed by intarsia-leather jeans-cut pants. The shirt is \$95, the pants are \$60, and both are available at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Chicago, and Beverly Hills. His navy-blue string tie has a gold knot slide and gold ends, by Nova Styleco, about \$100 at Corliss's, Blooming and Fort Worth; Marcus Jewels, Paramus Park; Hausman's, New Orleans; Meyer's, Coral Gables; Shook's Jewellers, Los Angeles; Borchers's, Omaha. And for marine enthusiasts who'd rather pursue this interest in the safety of their homes, naturalist Richard Ellis has written *The Book of Sharks*. It

includes with his paintings of sharks, autographed copies are \$25 (plus \$3 postage). The companion piece is a limited-edition lithograph of the cover painting. The signed-and-numbered print is \$100 (needed as a jacket) or \$175 (insurance-quality, matted and matted flat). Add \$8 for shipping for each. Available from Bromberg Industries, 609 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10012.

**CLASSICAL** You may think the music in your life is the floor as it is, but consider a little help from the room pictorial below. A Bose Spatial Control receiver (below left), with four independent power amplifiers, lets you broadcast or sustain your stereo "stage" so that the music you listen to, it's \$799 at Tweeter Etc., Boston; Audio Associates, Richmond, Virginia; Pacific Stereo stores in Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle.

For the active musician in your life, a collapsible cherry-wood music stand can be tilted to the person and the instrument he plays. Adjustable in height and foldable for storing or transporting, it can be ordered from design/collapsible-maker Peter Kern, 236 Elmwood Street, New York, New York 10012, for \$125 postpaid. Designed with high-power-

handling capacity, the Otis 1 four-way loudspeaker system (below right) has front- and upward-firing drivers in sports sound in all directions, \$1,395 to \$3,790 a pair depending on the finish. All all Tech HiFi stores, Audiozone Stereo, Eagle Blount, Alford Stereo, Los Angeles.

Soft music calls for soft spotlights. The classic silk shirt (below) has a soft saddle shoulder, and the pleated pants are updated in a softly finished wool fabric. The shirt, \$78, is available at Charvart, New York, and Gordini, San Francisco. Pants are \$17.50 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Bogert, Oak Park, Illinois; J. L. Jackson, Detroit. The belt is by D&B, New York.



**PAMPERED** Give him a hairy cloth shaving wrap from John Wells for Equipment that comes complete with its own built-in water, \$9 at Altman's, New York. Or treat him to individual lotion, brush, and fragrance. Some of a man's best friends as summer cozier include (left to right) Lagerfeld Cologne, \$17.50 for four ounces; Polo talcum powder, \$1; Hertzell Four Horses can de toilette, eight ounces for \$27.50; Masha after-shave conditioner, two ounces for \$6.50; Chanel after-shave moisturizer, three and a half ounces for \$7; Carib Collector's Box, which includes cologne, lotion, and soap, \$10 with purchase of any man's fragrance; Aramis cologne deodorant, twelve ounces for \$30; Devin Country Bath Gels, \$25, all inclusive are at fine stores everywhere. Crayon's new Cassa Collection back opens with eight-inch-long handle comes in blue or brown plastic, \$35.95 at department stores.



**The Anatomy of the DMC-12** The car is very light (2,290 pounds) because so much plastic is used. It comes in six colors—as long as it is stainless steel—and gets twenty-three miles to the gallon on town, thirty-two miles per gallon on the open road. Styled by Gumpers of Ford Design (who also styled and designed the Alfa Romeo GT, Lotus Esprit, VW Beetle, and Ferrari), the car is low (only 48 inches high) but wide (72 inches). It is 113.8 feet long, almost 2 feet shorter than the Corvette, 5.4 inches shorter than the Datsun 280Z,

and 5 inches shorter than the Porsche 924. The Renault aluminum F-6 engine, mounted in the rear, powers the 200-hp; it is the same engine used in the Volvo 260 and the Peugeot 604. The Renault 30 drive shaft has almost four C.K. custom standards. The DMC-12 has leather seats, full-wing doors, and air conditioning and comes with five-speed manual or three-speed automatic transmissions. It will do zero to sixty miles per hour in less than eight seconds. Antidive: late 1988. Cost: about \$14,000.

# The Dream Car Of John De Lorean

The hotshot engineer calls the car the DMC-12. GM wouldn't let him build it, so he's going ahead with it on his own. Sweet revenge!

by William Flanagan

**F**or a man who looks like Tyrone Power, is married to the reigning young model in the Virginia Slims and General ads, and earns six figures a year, John Zachary De Lorean certainly doesn't smile much. He can't. Not just yet, anyway. The reason is simple. The most important project in his life has yet to be accomplished. De Lorean wants to make a monkey out of General Motors. He is on the verge of doing it, but he has a way to go.

There will be no rest for De Lorean until he finishes doing what no one else in the history of modern business has dared attempt: to design, build, and sell his very own automobile from scratch, an automobile the world's largest car company wouldn't, couldn't, and probably shouldn't build.

By mid-1989, either De Lorean will be smiling at last or he'll be a shattered man. At stake are thousands of jobs for unemployed Catholics in Belfast, the wisdom and reputation of the British government, which, amid howls of protest, has lost about \$150 million on the flamboyant engineer; and about another \$40 million posted by several hundred U.S. car dealers and other investors, ranging from Merrill Lynch stockbrokers to Johnny Carson. But most important, John De Lorean's pride as a stake. If the DMC-12 sports can roll off the assembly line—and if they will—he will have been avenged. He will have shown the bastards that they were wrong, goddammit, that General Motors was wrong about him and about what you can do with an auto company. He will have shown that you can make a virtually unbreakable car with a stainless steel skin and underbody, with air bags, with a fold-in rear plastic feature—a car that won't kill you in a six-grade air burst, head-on crash, or car that can last twenty-five years or more. And he will have shown that you can sell that car, even at about \$14,000 a copy. And if the phantoms of pastings, rednecked snarlings of GM dealers, if they can go and make their bones up as steel pigs.

Even if he does succeed, though, De Lorean is well aware that he will be but an anonymous footnote to the corpse that is General Motors. "If the entire U.S. government tried to compete with General Motors, it would fail," he says.

And he readily concedes that if it wanted to, GM could "crush me like a grape." After all, 25 percent of the dealers De Lorean has lined up are GM dealers. Still, he knows there is no percentage in the huge company's squashing him out. There is no reason for it to. Not now.

Even before the car rolls out, De Lorean has already squelched many of the critics who predicted he would never be able to raise sufficient capital. Now, they think, could a disenchanted hotshot with the angst of a teenage sex czar ever \$100 million? Who would give him the money? DeLoreans were plenty out. Wall Street could provide some loose, six-figure and seven-figure capital from the car looking for zero-to-60. But who would give away enough to let mere fakes up an engineer with a stainless steel car?

William Flanagan is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



A disenchanted DeLorean runs his show from a Park Avenue office.

seeing two and having a decidedly superior price tag?

It did not. De Lorean says that a few years ago he had a hunch. He finally came to realize that in this sticky Western world, when big governments seem always to be warning against capitalism, the governments themselves had gladly open their coffers to stamp anyone promoting jobs. "Industrial development" is the catchall phrase for capital-intensive giveaways and loans that are going begging for anyone with a labor-intensive facility on his mind.

Once the word was out, De Lorean was wooed by Puerto Rico, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, and a half dozen states in the United States. But the most generous offer of all was from Britain, the reluctant candidate of part of that same "disasterous system," Northern Ireland.

It takes about a year for sea gulls to wise up, for them to catch on that their nesting and feeding areas are being filled in, rolled, and made into supermarkets or parking lots. In answering the gulls continue to hover about, wheezing over the macadam where once there was marshes and seawater.

Northern Ireland sea gulls are no different. There are thousands that have been displaced recently by the earth moved land by De Lorean. The macadam has been filled in the salt marsh hills, diverted three rivers, and filled in the marshland on the banks of Belfast. Most of Northern Ireland is as populated as those birds are. What is it a sea plant doing here?

The seventy-two-acre site when, says the story, 2,000 miles by the way of the time the sea gulls finally move on, is in the

Photographs opposite by John Olson; photograph above by Alan Macdonald.



Celtic area of Downpatrick (in Northern Ireland, one must always place a religious adjective before certain words—such as area, market, and hotel) played by the plot in "Twinsbrook Estates, which stands like a Florida condominium development but is actually what the British call "council" housing. We would call it a project—low-renter because it had, by the time it began to house the poor, in this case largely unemployed Catholics. Twinsbrook overlaid the site where John De Lorean plans to build his \$24,000 sports cars. The Dubliners are the make. Many of the unemployed area in Twinsbrook, and in the entire area of West Belfast, are watching the price rise the way a farmer watches the price of his corn. About 11.5 percent of the area in West Belfast has no jobs. Some have never had jobs, nor did their fathers before them. At times, some of these men get radium. And every April, before the Easter, some of these pick up a rock or a gun or a bomb and tell a British soldier or assassin the patron of a pub or shatter the windows of a department store. Many of these men get looked up or killed—the British have become "officers" in such things—and it is quiet in West Belfast for a spell. During such spells, poor soldiers roll out of the Northern Ireland Department Agency and the Northern Ireland Department of Commerce, and some of them are sent to Northern Ireland as a grand prize for Americans to build factories.

In the summer of 1976, John De Lorean made a stop in Belfast. An old buddy from Grand Malton suggested that he pay across the border from Dublin, where he had been trying to work out the deal with the Department of Commerce. He was in the west of Ireland and was willing to give De Lorean a handful of incentives and concessions that they didn't have as much hard cash to offer him as did some others. He crossed the infamous border to the north—said a few weeks later, said a deal with Northern Ireland. The idea of which had never been seen before. (One does not mention the name De Lorean in the twenty-two counties to the south.) What it boiled down to was an investment of over \$30,000 per job by the British government. The deal was made because the English had grown weary of corralling those restless men and boys in Belfast, weary of trying to explain "why" to mothers of murdered British soldiers, weary of pouring time and money and effort into a chronically depressed backwater where problems have defied generations of solutions. The deal was made possible because of it on the North Sea had given the British some where-where they pay for the business, make that will keep them quiet. In July of 1978, John De Lorean was in Belfast. He had about \$108 million in loans and grants for the 2,000 jobs he said he could bring to West Belfast. (It is doubtful that he would have got the same handsome offer—or any offer at all—from the Irish. The Irish government of Margaret Thatcher, especially after the murder of Army Captain, a number of politicians, then Shadow Secretary for Northern Ireland, had decided to stop the money is committed. The Tories cannot ignore.) It amounted to one of the largest single offers ever made to anyone looking for assistance from job-hungry areas of the United Kingdom. The money from the British elements will have to go. The English, the Scots,

## He grew up in the shadows of assembly plants, with the odor of new car seats in his nostrils.



A body break in his days at GM: he now says another usage.

and the Welsh are much more concerned with jobs on the home island than with those in Ulster. De Lorean was very quick to jump at the offer—the state complicated deal was signed yesterday. But the deal was despite the fact that De Lorean had already made a tentative commitment in Puerto Rico. He was to receive a \$60.7-million package from the U.S. Department of Commerce and the Puerto Rican government to build his plant in Aguadilla, on the site of an abandoned air force base. "The Puerto Rican proposal did not come together quickly enough, and there was more effort on the part of Northern Ireland," said C. R. Brown, a vice-president of the De Lorean Motor Company (DMC). "There was not too much resistance," said the Lorean. "Read was enough money."

Later, De Lorean admitted that he would have located his plant anywhere within reason—including Mexico, the United States or Puerto Rico—if the same of R had been made.

The Puerto Ricans were so outraged that they threatened to sue today, one does not mention the name John De Lorean in San Juan.

But the British press, quick to find political motives for the investment offer, was not at all kind to De Lorean or to his dream car. Editorials raged: here the assembly machine *Revenue* proved out a quick, efficient deal, and the government's motives. One does not mention the name John De Lorean in Parliament either.

John De Lorean grew up in a Huguenot-French family in the shadows of Detroit's auto industry, with the odor of new-car seats in his nostrils. He was expected to become a car builder, like his father before him. He did had been a founder of a Ford plant in John, the eldest of four sons, would do a little better.

As a kid, he played stickball on streets where no white person strays after dark. Even then, though, the neighborhood was racially mixed. Such neighborhoods allow superior lifelong racial hatred, the class that the men struggling beneath it seldom can afford the luxury of compassion. But De Lorean would eventually emerge a liberal—and later, after making up the incident with GM, would work to find jobs for blacks and other minority workers.

Another anomaly of his childhood was his parents' divorce, which was unusual for a large, working-class family. The divorce terms to have left the mother—De Lorean has married three times.

A very bright, gangly kid, he attended after high school the Lawrence Institute of Technology to study engineering. Oddly enough, he attended on a music scholarship. He played saxophone to save good money in a hotel where three brothers in black and red. He began his auto career with Chrysler Corporation in 1948 after obtaining a degree in mechanical engineering and later, at night, picked up at S.A. as industrial engineering from the Chrysler Institute in 1952. He worked in the United States, at the University of Michigan, and during this time he also received some law credits. But his automotive career was already advancing; he had no more need for academic credits.

His stay with Chrysler was brief by Detroit standards; he was

there about four years before he left for a smaller company, Packard—but for a much bigger job, chief of research and development. He was only twenty-one when Chrysler, he said, was "too big for me to be in charge." But Packard, he would soon find, was likewise not to his liking. "I had a study administration—similar to Coca-Cola's," he would later say. In looking around for a new job, he found a mentor in George B. "Bunker" Kresch, then general manager of GM's Pontiac division. In 1956, with Kresch's permission, De Lorean took a job as director of research engineering at Pontiac. "It was unbelievable. Everything was so old-fashioned," he commented later. "The chief engineer was sitting behind his desk, wearing a pair of those old high-top leather shoes and packing a big wal of papers in his shirt pocket—the prototype old-fashioned auto man."

But he found a home at Pontiac. Remember those wide-track, high-powered Catalinas and Bonnevilles of the late Fifties and early Sixties? The Tempest? the GTO? De Lorean had as much to do with their birth as one man can, at least in a company the size of GM. And in bringing them into the world, he is credited with having averted the overhead-sun anger, considered windshield wipers, the Pontiac "railer" bumper, and the Tempest's rear main shaft and 100 pistons. By 1963, Pontiac had risen from sixth in third in sales in America, and De Lorean was on his way.

His most spectacular success at Pontiac was the GTO. When it came out in 1963, the market was so ready for it that 31,000 units were sold before the end of the model year. In the next two years, this car was tripled, and at Pontiac, De Lorean was awarded with the title of general manager of the Pontiac division.

For the next four years, Pontiac continued to thrive. And De Lorean's reputation proliferated—rushed headlights, stripes, split grilles, colorful graphics. In 1964, Pontiac sales were 665,000. By the end of De Lorean's third year in command, they topped 877,000. In 1965, *Motor Trend* awarded Pontiac its Car of the Year award for the third time in six years.

Early in 1968, De Lorean was elevated to general manager of GM's new but still embryonic division, Buick. Buick's weakness was known only to corporate managers at the time. Such is the ability of Detroit to keep things under the industry but that the health of the nation's largest automobile brand can be hidden not only from the general public but from the financial community as well. It is a matter as basic as Chrysler's past prestige.

"Clay was in the kitchen," recalls De Lorean. "I was the quarterback, and we brought it back by doing all the hard, routine stuff." He hit the road, riding hundreds of Chevy dashes, listening to their complaints and suggestions. Such visits by a division general manager were unprecedented. The dashes would not forget.

He recruited new, younger staff—a favorite Detroit technique—cut model variations, and introduced new models such as the Vega (he compete with Ford's highly successful Pinto and American Motors' Gremlin). Success was quick and spectacular. By 1971, Chevy was the first of the Big Three divisions ever to

## After leaving GM, he wrote a "no-bullshit" book about them, then canceled publication.



Glenn family De Lorean, third wife, Elaine, and their children.

sell more than three million cars and trucks in a single year. It was during these years that the seed for the DMC-12 was planted. It was De Lorean's idea to build a fiber glass car, smaller than the Corvette, but more powerful. The year was 1975, and only, coincidentally John De Lorean was being treated—outside GM, at least—as the logical heir to Edward N. Cole, then the GM president who was slated to retire in two years. De Lorean was looked upon and made good success in charge of North America's car-and-truck operations. He was thirty-eight, trim, and eager. But the trouble happened on the way to the presidency.

Being a group co-president at GM is like being a first-tier general after being a division co-manager. De Lorean was on a left-of-center and a bit harder to implement. "Like going from quarterback to coach of the stadium," said De Lorean. He has said that he was not content when asked by the press why he left GM. But the truth is that he met with serious reverses for the first time in his life. The reverses were quick and major. His suggestion to make auto recycling divisions earlier in the design process was turned down. He was turned down to make the changes at night and on weekends in order to keep plants shutdown at a minimum. He figured such proposals could have saved the company \$1 billion. They were nonetheless rejected. The frustration that was eventually to lead to the De Lorean Motor Company had begun.

Then there was De Lorean's plan regarding the 1975 federal double-line on emission-control standards. He advised going ahead and meeting them by installing catalytic converters on all new models. But the company agreed instead to fight for a one-year extension of the deadline. De Lorean's new gambit's main was heavily criticized and rejected.

"I didn't like being a group co-president. It could not measure results. It wasn't satisfying. It wasn't for me. I found Bill Cole was a hell of a company and encouraged me to leave."

De Lorean's staff thought the auto industry had tried and rejected GM's plan but still had a few things to say. "He was a real leader at the top," A few weeks after he left, he told an interviewer. "There's no forward progress at General Motors to what the public wants today. It was like standing in the locker room and seeing a machine and you were just watching it instead of running it." Or was it something else—his old job and his arrogant personality? Some observers who recalled always seeing him with a smiling glow on his face, listening company with racing car drivers while avoiding GM cronies, and whopping around in a Mustang instead of a company jetan wondered about that quiet when. After making money from GM in 1975, moving behind a \$165,000-a-year salary—De Lorean headed the New National Alliance for Businessmen for a year. But the same business in general and the XP-68 in particular were still in his blood. "This car project was kind of John's dream in 1973, but he didn't know how it would come about," said Robert Anderson, chairman of Rockwell Inter-

## De Lorean's factory rises in West Belfast, where the unemployed eye it eagerly.

national Corporation had a De Lorean friend.

During this period, General Motors continued to be very much on De Lorean's mind too. As is typical, part of his arrangement agreement with General Motors was his agreement not to work for any competitor or otherwise to compete with the company. If he did, he would forfeit previously earned bonus payments. Like many companies, GM defers bonuses for years after they are actually earned. For executives who leave the company, this amounts to a golden by law.

With the DMC-12 in view, De Lorean began sounding out GM dealers about their willingness to sell such a car if it could be produced. GM got word of his canvassing and immediately stopped his bonus payments—which amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. "That was pretty shitty of them," he recalls.

De Lorean decided then he was going to tell all he knew about General Motors so that the world would know just how shabby opponents in the world's largest corporation. In 1975, he set down what Patrick Wright, a *Business Week* bureau chief who took a year off to work on the book, and talked for dozens of hours about his GM experiences. "It was to be a no-holds-bar book," says Wright. "We wanted to tell it like it was."

De Lorean decided that the book would be finished and scheduled by Playboy Press. But the only thing the public would ever know of that book would be the title. De Lorean decided to cancel publication at the eleventh hour. "The kind of inside the book an indictment of business and industry, and that is not what was intended," explains De Lorean.

Wright was a different story. "When the book was completed and after it had been submitted, John told me, 'This is exactly the book that I wanted to write, but I can't publish it now.'"

It is Wright's view that De Lorean had become needlessly fearful of GM's wrath. "He wants these dealers," says Wright, "but there's no way GM could damage him without doing more damage to itself."

Wright may publish the book elsewhere, without De Lorean's imprimatur.

"I didn't take a Sunday off in seven years," is the way De Lorean recalls his most productive years at GM. He says that for emphasis—to stress that he is a deadly serious man, that he is not just out there playing he was made out to be in his halcyon days in Detroit.

He may well qualify for father of the year now, but as his years at GM he cut quite an unusual figure for an iron executive. In another Michigan, it doesn't take a lot of style to be regarded as a maverick. Detroit will tolerate only one "swinger" per generation, and as has often been said, his name had better be on the building. De Lorean's wasn't. "There was a lot of envy and resentment toward me—I just didn't play their game," he says. "I didn't kiss anybody's ass, and I didn't accept anybody to kiss mine."

He was outspoken—always good for a colorful quote with the press, sometimes even shaming his own management. He listened to rock 'n' roll anthems on the radio ("Those rock stations, the things they say, what they discuss, that's what counts," he said at the time) he ate meat. In 1963, he shared his wife's family, three-year-old blond, Kelly Harrison, daughter of football hero Tom Harrison. He married her, but the marriage broke up a few years later. He later married another beautiful young model, Christine Forsey.

By 1971, at forty-six, De Lorean was enough of a person to be recorded the ultimate in modern-day life (Adrian Truett, Arthur Hays Sulzberger Jr.'s character in his auto industry book, *Whores, overcomes his obstacles and lives happily ever after*).

Nevertheless, De Lorean is baffled at the swinger image, doubt-



At the company's training center in Northern Ireland, British soldiers make a routine security check. There may be no interference from the IRA, the plant promises too many jobs for unemployed Catholics.

less aware that many themselves speculate that the top chair at General Motors might have been his were it not for his minority status, any lingering shards of the image would have long since effaced to rise the image without necessary to launch the DMC-12 and could continue to plague him as he works for the car's success. During one interview, he called in his wife to corroborate that he is now strictly a straight arrow. "Honey, there's a reporter here who thinks I'm a swinger. What do you think?"

Christine demurely told me that her husband's idea of a good time is to take their son and daughter out to Central Park on a Sunday for a stroll.

The fact is that De Lorean is hardly a social lion in New York, where he now lives. In a city where the concepts and groups of people who party are meticulously reported, he goes unobser-

ved. He is practically a wallflower. He has no regular table at "El," runs no special grooving from Paul Klee at The Four Seasons, and is unknown to Steve Rubell. David Mahoney, chairman of Norton Simon and no stranger himself to the party columns, notes De Lorean to his legendary St. Patrick's Day parties, but that's about all the partying he does.

Nevertheless, old images die hard. Despite the fact that he has let his hair turn gray and now wears three-piece suits, De Lorean still looks like a playboy, especially with Christmas in tow. (He does affect gold bracelets, which are a bit jarring against his button-down workshirts.) "How big are to build a car?" they ask in *Bette's* pub. "He's a full-on star, isn't he?"

In 1975, when De Lorean got serious enough about his dream

not actually to form De Lorean Motor Company, not even the most adventurous London books would have offered odds on his success.

Not since the days of Walter Chrysler has anyone successfully launched his very own automobile company. It is a simply too expensive, complicated, and competitive for any newcomer, however rich or ambitious. Henry J. Kaiser, who could turn out ships as easily as bottle caps, failed in the Fifth Franklin Tanker, who wanted to make cars with the engine in the trunk, made only a few hundred cars. More recently, Malcolm Brundage went bust in such spectacular fashion that the economy of New Brunswick, which looked him heavily, may never recover. "No United States company (except established motor companies) has successfully accomplished the manufacture and sale of a new automobile in at

Just twenty-five years," plainly reads the company prospectus.

But De Lorenzis thinks he is different from those men. "No one who's flopped knows anything about the car business," he says.

De Lorenzis knows the auto business, all right, but as an importer and manager, not as a financial man. He knew as much about raising money as the average investment banker knows about overhead costs. "When you're running a division of Chevrolet and you need a new \$100-million plant in Toronto, do, all you have to do is write a memo," he remarks.

He admits now that had he known what he was in for when racing expired, he might not have gone ahead with the project at all. He simply had no notion of what would be involved or where he could get control. "It was impossible to get professional advice," he says, "so one had to know everything like this. It has been an education."

De Lorenzis turned next to the people he knew best, the dealers he had plenty of reports with from his days in Chevy. In two years there, his net profits before taxes had doubled. "Profits are what dealers understand," he says. "That's why I think Lee Isaacson will succeed with Chrysler. He understands dealers."

De Lorenzis offered the dealers stock in his company in \$10,000 blocks and provided them with a certain number of cars, and spent a specified amount on parts. Armed with little more than artists' renderings of the car, he pitched the dealers personally. To date, 264 have signed up; another 136 are being solicited in the United States, plus a smaller number abroad. All dealers must agree to purchase from 35 to 150 cars, depending upon the size and location of the dealer, within twenty-four months of the car's appearance. Already, dealers are committed to sell 10,000 cars—half a production model run. The company's aim is to make and sell 8,000 cars the first year, 10,000 annually after that.

The Koreans may be basically an engineer, but the fact that he has sold 26,000 accessories cars puts him in the running for salesman of the decade. "He came to me personally and made us confident cars for the car," says a typical dealer, Wil Smyly, of Smyly Beck & Melton, Manufacturers, and Smyly Chevrolet in Woburn, Massachusetts. "I didn't dare in a delivery market for the car. I am confident that we can sell all we can get. I've got sales orders already." Smyly car only bought a franchise but he put up an additional \$150,000 in the company.

Besides the dealers, there are some other private investors, including one John W. Cassano, treasurer, who put up \$500,000, and Wood Group S.A., a Swiss corporation and indirect subsidiary of Wood Group Ltd. of Toronto, which put up a similar amount. The Canadian firm has already been paid a half-million—the same amount that it invested—for services rendered in connection with Northern Ireland financing.

If one adds up the monies from all dealers and private investors—excluding the \$4 million of De Lorenzis's own money—the fund-raising effort falls far below \$50 million, or less than half the estimated \$118.4 million needed to set up an auto assembly plant. De Lorenzis knew this early on, of course, and his project would have died were it not for the various government develop-

## Did he leave GM because he was fed up with life at the top? Or was it his offstage antics?



De Lorenzis's scheme to set up public racecars was a failure.

ment authorities that began sharing up, displacing someone but for the jobs at state plant began. In this awkward era, he proved to be a worthy if somewhat ruthless assigner.

While there now appears to be plenty of cash for De Lorenzis Motor Company, it still must overcome some sizable obstacles if it is to succeed. One could be the work force. Despite the fact that a special road is being built from the Protestant sector of Belfast into the new plant, the vast majority of the work force is expected to be Catholic and unionized. This not only could mean serious problems but also could spell trouble with the IRA, which will not be happy if the army herd Catholics by doing their arms and firing the Irish case. The IRA may try to interfere with the plant's operations. Irish-American organizations in the United States have warned American companies against doing business in Northern Ireland. Operating there, they say, amounts to tacit support for a government they find abhorrent.

Twice, defeat is hardly an armed camp—the number of kilograms and bombings is deflationary—but it is not the kind industrial park, either. A visitor to the city usually stays at the largest standing hotel, the Europa, and has to undergo searches when entering and leaving it. The Europa has been bombed more times than anyone can remember, and bomb searches are still daily occurrences. The company admits it may have to offer workers pay to attract middle- and top-level management.

The guts of the car—engine and transmission—are being made by established companies in Europe and the United States. But since only three full-size racing models have been completely assembled and other problems could loom ahead, especially with a work force that is largely unskilled. (The company plans to use a modified version of its car assembly method that Volvo is testing in Sweden, in which a team of four or five workers assemble one complete car at a time on a skidding stand. This is said to be more productive and less monotonous than the system in which employees stand at a single station and repeat only one or two tasks all day long.)

The biggest technical problems appear to be with the chassis and the body shell beneath the standard steel shell. The use of a composite of plastics and resins in a mold, sandwich-type structure to be produced by a process called plastic resin molding (PRM). This is tricky business, and the company will also be using—at least at first—the more expensive method known as vacuum resin injection molding. (Another problem down the road: The use of reinforced plastic means that repairs to the body after a major crash will be higher than with a conventional car. This could mean higher collision-reinsurance premiums.)

Finally, even if all goes well and the car is made technically sound and no more, there is the question of its marketability. The price tag will be in the neighborhood of \$44,000—somewhere between the Corvette and the Porsche. "No single word of my sports car with a base list price to the amount of \$12,000 or more had sales in 1977 of 30,000 or more units, which is the number the Company initially plans to sell," reads the company's prospectus, again gloomily.

—Continued on page 87

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The DMC-12's few users will have two seats and gull-wing doors. Dealers have ordered 26,000. A four-passenger sedan may follow.

But journalists are expected to stand guard, if only to be careful and responsible, and De Lorean is confident that none of these obstacles is serious. "It is inevitable now that the car will be built," he says. And to him, that says it all.

He says there is no serious Irish sectarian problem, that the plant will employ equal numbers of Catholics and Protestants (quickly, given the Catholic ghetto locations). Yet ironically, a higher proportion of Catholics in the work force could help ensure the plant's safety. "The IRA could not afford to do a thing to damage the plant," says one Catholic official. "They would alienate themselves in the area. Jobs are too scarce."

The *Belfast Telegraph* quotes one union official: "The factory would do more to destroy the IRA than deploying the entire British Army."

De Lorean's plant may be the latest new American factory in Northern Ireland, but it is hardly the first in recent years. General Motors, General Tire, the Hughes Tool Company, Ford and AVX Corporation of New York are among the U.S. companies that have announced investments totaling about \$300 million in the country in the past two years. All told, there are now thirty-four U.S. companies in Ulster. They employ about 16,000 persons, more than 15 percent of the work force.

"There has rarely been an incident of sectarian violence in those plants," says Dennis Puckner, chairman of the Northern Ireland Development Agency. He even brings about the country's labor record. "Statistically, Northern Ireland has a very good industrial record—more so."

Recently, though, troubles have flared up again, which disturbs De Lorean but does not panic him. "Terrorism is part of life today," he says. "Look at General Motors—they had to close up in Argentina. We have to learn to live with it."

De Lorean is also confident about any technical problems. To help iron out production snags, he hired Lotus Cars Limited to aid in design and development work. Still, although the company hopes to build 40,000 cars after 1983, its first goal is more modest: about 6,000 each year.

As for the marketplace, De Lorean's supporters are quick to point out that the sports car market is one of the fastest growing segments of the U.S. auto industry. From 1972 to 1977, sports car sales rose from 6.3 percent to 12.5 percent of the American auto market. And there is room for newcomers. In 1978, DeLorean introduced its first sports car, the DMC-2, in the United States. Last year, its descendant, the DMC-2X, sold 70,000 units. This year, DeLorean introduced the DMC-2Z, which will easily top \$11,000 on the showroom floor, and is expected to sell 40,000 units.

The consensus among analysts, dealers, and other observers of the auto scene is that if De Lorean can make his DMC-12 as he says and price it where he says, it will sell. He says he can. If he does, he could make himself a very wealthy man—about 22 percent of the company will be his after all the loans are repaid. But he insists he is in it for more than the money. "I have cashed five million dollars of my own cash, plus borrowed maybe another six million to lost psychobills I could have gotten elsewhere while on this project."

He insists himself in his full sunlight-line-much bright and strides across the floor of his new corporate headquarters on the top floor of 280 Park Avenue. His view north toward Central Park is blocked to part by the white monolith that is the GM building. He glances out the window. He says, "I'll be close to very before anything can come back to me from the company. It should be about that I didn't do this for the money." 40

# A Matter Of Class

*A photographer portrays a way of life in Lake Forest, Illinois*

by Mary Lloyd Estrin

There have been many photographic essays on the poor but very few about those people who live at the opposite pole of wealth, power, and the success conventionally measured by these qualities. Many of the inhabitants of Lake Forest are leaders of business, civic life, and society in Chicago—and, in this respect, they have counterparts in many similarly exclusive suburbs around the country. A commonality of class, education, and ethnic and religious backgrounds transcends the borders of these communities. Traditionally, they are suspicious of outsiders—of publicity, of exposure.

It was only because I too came from Lake Forest that I was able to persuade them to let me into their homes and their lives. During a two-year period, I returned frequently to photograph the people and their communities, and, gradually, an air of trust was established—that I would not malign or misrepresent them, particularly for political or publicity purposes. It was not my aim either to condone or to condemn upper-class society but to try to see with as clear and as penetrating an eye as

*Photographer Mary Lloyd Estrin, a native of Lake Forest, has been in Los Angeles. This article is adapted from *Ta Me Minute Born*, a New York Graphic Society book just published by Little, Brown and Company.*



*I remembered a cast of charactersebo filled my world as a child, and as an adult I found them all still there . . .*



possible and to portray as honestly as possible what I saw.

For the most part, I photographed people I knew, at least by name. This acquaintanceship made the sessions sometimes more comfortable and sometimes more awkward, as social conventions can often curtail spontaneity or creativity. Making the most of each photographic opportunity required my shaping and directing the session to a large degree. Usually, I proposed certain kinds of clothing, certain locations and props, and gradually I persuaded people to participate in these choices. I asked to see the entire home, their hobbies, their pets, and I worked toward making something—clothing, happenstance, architecture, a look—that I felt revealed something characteristic. Some people were self-conscious and resistant to this process; others just naturally were caught up in the experience.

Developing a style of photographing that seemed appropriate to the rather formal homes and life-styles of these people became important to me. I found that using a large-format, wide-angle camera, natural light, and a certain direct



... from unusually strong, responsible leaders to astonishingly myopic socialites.

My interest soon broadened to include their surroundings and their pastimes.



approach most clearly revealed the settings.

I wanted to capture something of the elegance and the extravagance, the tradition and the seclusion, even the eccentricities, of this society, especially as I became aware of the forces that are changing it: increasing taxes, smaller families, lack of servants, a diminishing class consciousness—all are playing their parts in “democratizing” the life-style of the wealthy. I felt a sense of loss at some, though not all, of these changes.

Part of my reason for returning to Lake Forest was to reacquist myself with the people and the manner of life with which I had grown up. I wanted to know how those influences had affected me and whether I still felt like a member of that community. I realized that though I now live in a style quite far removed from that of life in Lake Forest, I carry with me much of its heritage. I came to agree with an elderly friend from Lake Forest who told me what her father had told her: “It’s not so much where you live or what you have that counts as what you do with what you have and what you make of your own life.”



*The grand manors are impractical, and so they are disappearing; so, too, perhaps many of the grande dames, the grand eccentrics, and even the grand illusions.*

# Dubious Achievement Awards for June

## DRING BACK LILY TOMLIN

John Travolta required nine stitches on his upper lip after he was attacked by his own dog. The accident occurred when the actor tried to restrain his puppy with a kiss.



## WE WOULDN'T PAY A DIME FOR THE TWO OF EM

Virginia O'Han, a 49-year-old woman from Poughkeepsie, New York, was on NBC's *20/20* judgment against New York City pianist Suzanne Howard. Belle after he consistently moved her body before two real-life partners off-camera. Dr. Belle called the verdict "hilarious. People who love arms and legs... come in that kind of money." In a later development, Belle's wife, Courtney Chimento, Francesco Belle's former lover, helped raise money for an Italian bond issue by exposing her own scandal.

## LIMPST WHIST CORSAGE OF THE MONTH

School officials at Snow Falls, South Dakota, granted an unidentified high school student a request to ride a male friend to his senior prom.



**DUN, I DUNNO, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO, ERRE?** Eric Klane and John Nycholas, students in Williams, Illinois, broke the world's domino-topping record by filling 150,000 dominoes in record seven seconds last year. The pair spent ten hours a day for three weeks setting up the tiles, forming their two patterns, numbers, and words.



## THOSE (GILDS) POOLISH THINGS (GILDS) REMIND ME OF (GILDS) YOU

After being flooding threatened the *Newsweek* was on their wedding day. Kate and Corbin Leibel went to a casino in Nevada to their own wedding. In a later development, Leibel's wife, Courtney Chimento, Francesco Belle's former lover, helped raise money for an Italian bond issue by exposing her own scandal.



## FLOAT LIKE A BUTTERFLY, STING LIKE A COW

Nancy Ventana (below left) taught Chelsa Terry to a swim in a three-year-old exhibition from before an all made really was in Boston, Italy.



## FURTHER PROOF THAT AMERICANS ARE A PLUCKY LITTLE PEOPLE, ABLE TO TURN ADVERSITY INTO A SHORTIN' GOOD TIME

In San Francisco a house quarter from the Conservatory of Music performed a concert for students waiting as long as a year by Chelvan station. In a later development, Leibel's wife, Courtney Chimento, Francesco Belle's former lover, helped raise money for an Italian bond issue by exposing her own scandal.

## ANYONE FOR A ROBERT ON A RAFT, HOLD THE MAYO?

A Columbus couple, William and Audrey Buchanan, used a local bakery for \$500,000 after they ate dinner to dinner and discovered a dead rat in a loaf of rye bread. As the Buchanans ate and Mrs. Buchanan's mother watched, rotten parts were served in the hotel eating the dinner to be "incomplete with nature, throughout their bodies" and to suffer "shock to their nervous system."



## A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF OFFICIAL GERALD FORD "WIN" BOTTOMS (MAY CONDITION TO:)

South-Carolina Secretary of BEW, the experience that transferred Andrew Davis (below) an entire office report in Chicago. In a later paper job in Philadelphia after Davis had for the 1980 presidential campaign, he was a \$1,172 government pay raise.



# DEWAR'S® PROFILE

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## GERSHOM CHAN

**BORN:** Kwangtung, China, 1945

**HOME:** Oil City, Pennsylvania

**TITLE:** Head Service Director, Oil City Hospital

**LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:** A menu that reads like a three-star restaurant and a different one each day

**QUOTE:** "Hospital patients should not have to suffer at suppertime."

**NATIONAL RECIPE AWARDS:** Seafood Souffle, Almond Delight, and Black Sesame Seed Pudding

**SECRET:** A gourmet chef can work wonders with a restricted diet. Because he works with color, texture and aroma.

**FAVORITE INGREDIENTS:** Patients patients be allowed two things with a dinner: Wine and company. His improvisations include a candlelit dinner for two—on the second night—for new patients. No extra charge.

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